FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCF
2309

Thou art gone to the grave. Lord. I
know I sunny life waned. Poole
Peabody. Many moon by Ives
died to Eyra Stiles Ely
Brightest & best Marie
Softly now the light of day. When
<u>copyright</u>
Bedell I see him on thee sunny way
The Son of God soon fritt home Bishop
From Greenlands icy mtns LOUD
Mason Watchman tell us
copyright 1830
I would not live always Almighty
Nonsense Dream
Meet me by moonlight

MAR 30 1937
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SOUVENIR ELEGIAQUE,

Thou art gone to the Grave.

In Memory of the

REV^D GREGORY T. BEDELL D.D.

Late Rector of Saint Andrews

Philadelphia.

The Music Composed by

THOMAS LOUD,

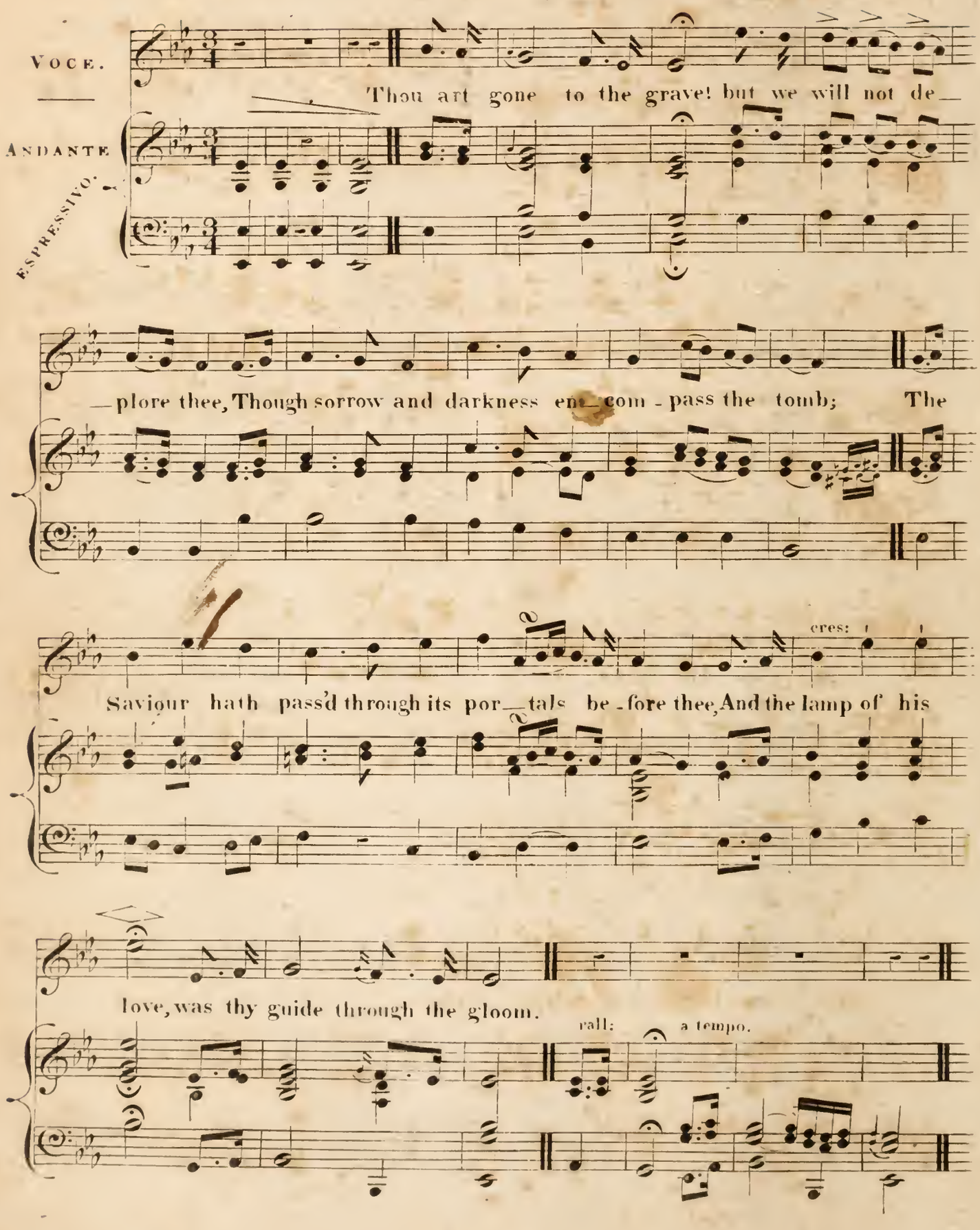
Organist of the Church,

and Respectfully Inscribed to the Members of the Congregation.

PHILADELPHIA,

Published by **LOUD & C^O** *N^O 178 Chesnut Street.*

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.



Mary E Reynolds

Second Verse.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no lon — ger be — hold thee, Nor

tread the rough path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of

cres:

mer — cy are spread to en — fold thee, And sin — ners may

hope, since the Saviour hath died.

Pia: For:

Third Verse.

Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong to de — plore thee, When

For: Pia: largo.

God was thy Father, thy Guardian, thy Guide; He gave thee, He

For: Pia: largo.

ad lib: a tempo.

For.

took thee, and soon will restore thee, Where death hath no sting, for the

For: a tempo.

Saviour hath died.

rall: a tempo.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

ARRANGED FOR 3 VOICES.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

ALTO or TENOR.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Though

TREBLE.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de_plore thee, Though

BASE.

sorrow and darkness en-compass the tomb; The Saviour hath pass'd through its

sorrow and darkness en_compass the tomb; The Saviour hath pass'd through its

portals be-fore thee, And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

portals _ before thee, And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

WHEN I SURVEY LIFE'S VARIED SCENE:

Written by

Mrs Steele

The Music arranged from Kozeluch and respectfully dedicated to

MISS E. ROSS.

by

Wm Poole Junr.

Philadelphia, R.H. Hobson 147 Chestnut Street.

ANDANTE.

dolce.

When I sur_vey life's varied scene A_midst its dark_est hours,

p

Sweet rays of com_fort shine be_tween And thorns are mixt, are

fz

mixt with flow'rs.

f

p

Lord! teach me to a_dore thy hand, Lord! teach me to a_dore thy

hand, From whence from whence my com_forts flow___ And let me in this

barren land The sweets of Canaan know. The sweets of

Ca___naan know.

2

Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
His kindness let my songs declare
And spread his praise abroad.
While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord! to Thee.

The first Prayer of Youth.

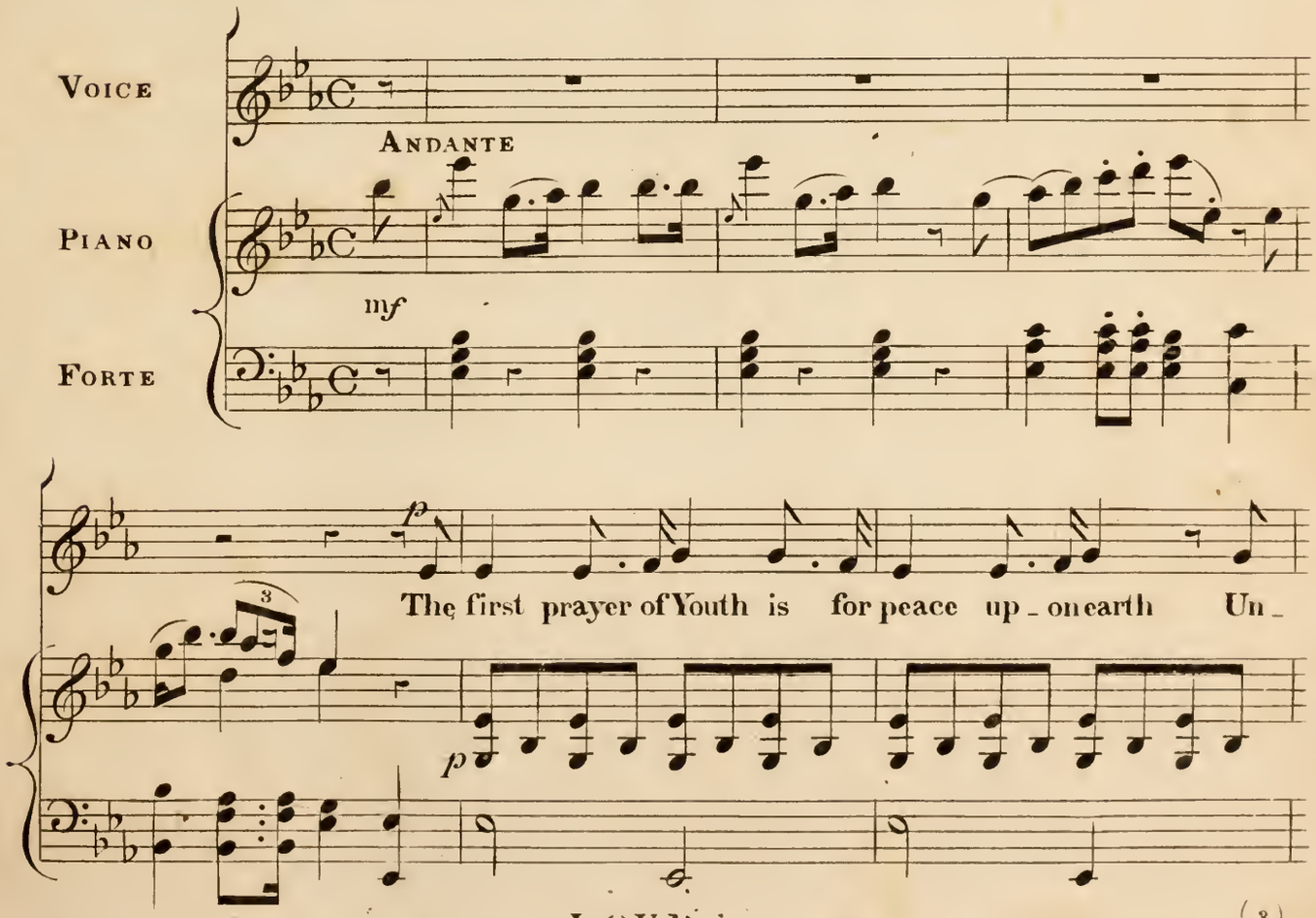
Written by

Thomas Haynes Bayley Esq.r

The Music by

G. KIALLMARK.

New York: Published by E. RILEY. 29 Chatham St.



LOUD'S
Piano Forte & Music Store
178, CHESNUT ST.
Opposite the Masonic Hall
PHILADELPHIA

_a_ _ _ _ ble to soar as a Bird at its birth; His

prayer cannot flow from the foun_ _ tain of thought He

poco. cres:

murmurs the words which an_o_ther hath taught_ He

mur_ _ murs the words which an_ _o_ther hath taught Un_

-sha - - - ken in Ho-nour! de-vo - - - ted to Truth Should

they be who dictate the first prayer of Youth.

smorz:

mf

The last Prayer of Age is for pardon and peace
Ere Death gives the earth-fettend spirit release;
Without a regret from his pale lip is hurl'd
The pleasure-fill'd cup of this perishig world.
And firm in belief of the Scriptural page,
FAITH hallows each word of the last prayer of Age.

When my Father and my Mother forsake me

A Sacred Song

Composed and Dedicated

To

Mrs. Charles Booth

BY

THE CHEVR. S. NEUKOMM.

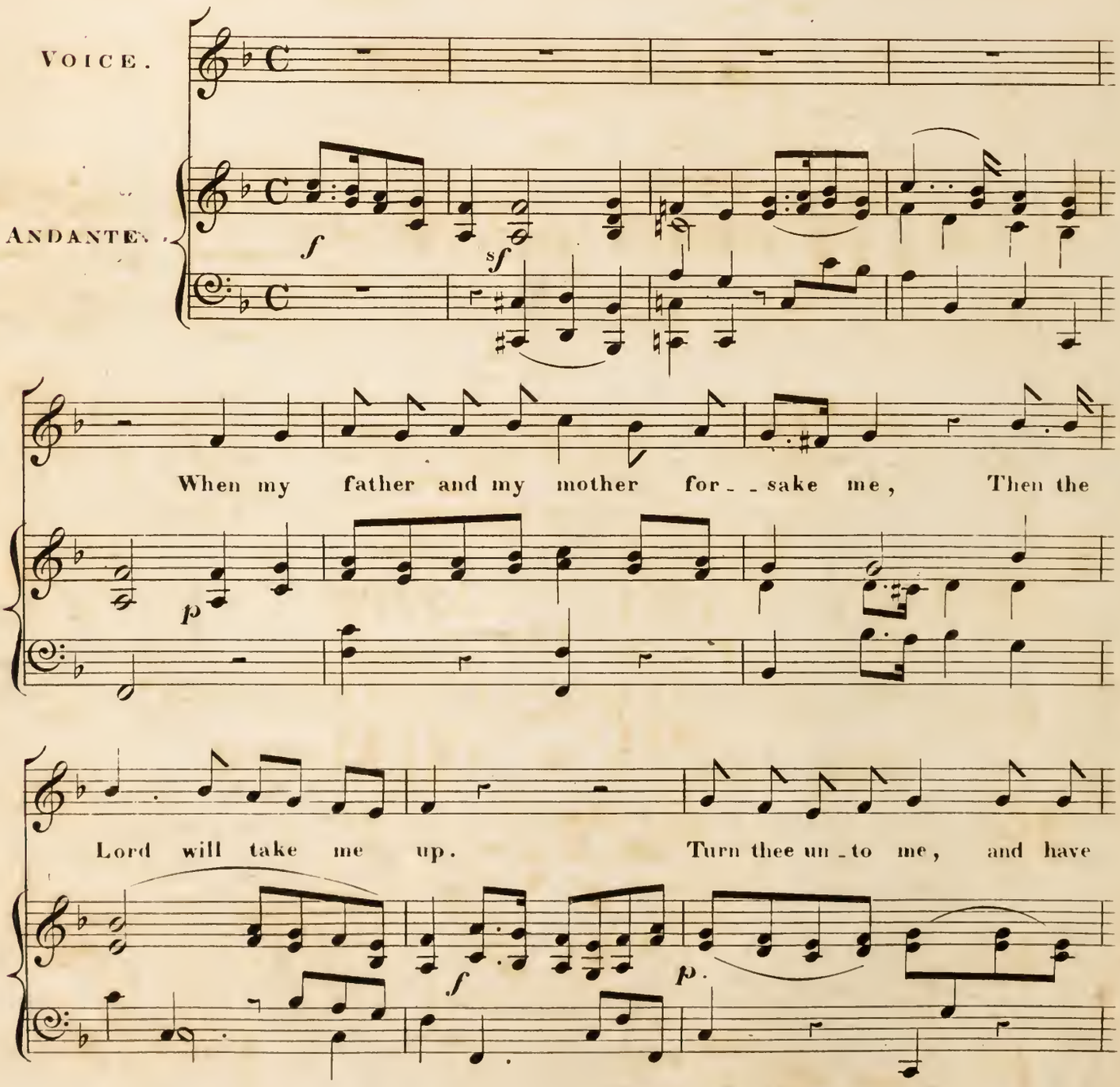
Pr. 50.

New York, Published by Dubois & Stodard, 167 Broadway.

LOUD'S
Piano Forte & Music Store
178. CHESNUT ST.
Opposite the Masonic Hall
PHILADELPHIA

WHEN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER FORSAKE ME.

Sacred Song. The Chevalier S. Neukomm.



cres:

mer_cy upon me, For I am des_o_late, I am des_o_late,

cres: sf p

and afflicted, and af__flic____ted.

f

p

The trou__bles of my heart are en_lar__ged, are en_

p

_lar___ged: O bring me out, O bring me out of my dis_tresses! My

p

help com - eth from the Lord, Which made Heaven, which made heav'n and

sf

earth; My help com - - - eth from the Lord, My

ff *p*

help com - - - eth from the Lord! I will ex - tol thee, - - - - O my

f *f* *f* *p*

God! I will ex - - tol thee, O my God! O

f *f*

King! I will bless thy name, I will bless thy name, O

p *fp*

King! I will bless thy name, thy name for ever, for e - - ver, for

fp

dolce.

e - - ver and e - - - - ver more, I will bless thy name, O King! for

p

f

e - ver and e - - - - - - - - ver - more.

f cres: *f* *ff*

THE RISING MOON,

A

Sacred Glee

The Words by

W. O. B. PEABODY,

The Music composed & dedicated

to the

Rev. Ezra Styles Ely, D.D.

by

E. IVES JUNR

Principal of the Philadelphia Musical Seminary.

"Orig: Songs" &c. No 24.

Philadelphia,

Kretschmar & Nunns No. 70 S. Third St.

Price 50 Cents.

THE RISING MOON.

1st Soprano.

2d Soprano.

3d Soprano.

Bass.

PIANO FORTE.

Metrone 60 ♩

pp cres. *p* *mf* *f*

The moon is up! how calm and slow She wheels a_bove the hill! The
So once on Ju dah's e_ven_ing hills The heaven_ly lus_ _tre spread; The

ff *p* cres *f*

The moon is up! how calm and slow She wheels a_bove the hill! The
So once on Ju dah's e_ven_ing hills The heaven_ly lus_ _tre spread; The

ff *p* cres *f*

The moon is up! how calm and slow She wheels a_bove the hill! The
So once on Ju dah's even_ _ing hills The heaven_ly lus_ _tre spread; The

ff *p* cres *f*

The moon is up! how calm and slow She wheels a_bove the hill! The
So once on Ju dah's even_ _ing hills The heaven_ly lus_ _tre spread; The

ff *p* cres *f*

Rising moon.

dim.

pp p

weary winds for_ get to blow, And all the world lies still The
gospel soun_ded from the blaze, And shepherds gazed with dread, And

pp p

weary winds for_ get to blow, And all the world lies still The
gospel soun_ded from the blaze, And shepherds gazed with dread, And

pp

weary winds for_ get to blow, And all the world lies still
gospel soun_ded from the blaze, And shepherds gazed with dread,

pp p

weary winds for_ get to blow, And all the world lies still The
gospel soun_ded from the blaze, And shepherds gazed with dread, And

cres fz dim pp

way_worn trav'lers with de_light The ri_sing brightness see Re_
still that light up_un the world. Its gui_ding splen_dor throws Bright

way_worn trav'lers with de_light The ri_sing brightness see Re_
still that light up_un the world. Its gui_ding splen_dor throws Bright

way_worn trav'lers with de_light The ri_sing brightness see Re_
still that light up_un the world. Its gui_ding splen_dor throws: Bright

p

Rising moon.

_veal _ ing all the paths and plains And gil _ ding ev'_ ry tree
in the open _ ing hours of life, But brigh _ ter at the close.

_veal _ ing all the paths and plains And gil _ ding ev'_ ry tree
in the open _ ing hours of life, But brigh _ ter at the close.

_veal _ ing all the paths and plains And gil _ ding ev'_ ry tree
in the open _ ing hours of life, But brigh _ ter at the close.

f *p*

It glit_ters where the hurrying stream its lit_tle rip_pling
The wa _ ning moon in time shall fail To walk in the mid _ night

f *p*

It glit_ters where the hurrying stream its lit_tle rip_pling
The wa _ ning moon in time shall fail To walk in the mid _ night

f *p*

It glit_ters where the hurrying stream its lit_tle rip _ pling
The wa _ ning moon in time shall fail To walk in the mid _ night

f *p*

It glit_ters where the hurrying stream its lit_tle rip _ pling
The wa _ ning moon in time shall fail To walk in the mid _ night

f *p*

Rising moon.

heaves It falls up_on the for_est shade And sparkles on the
skies; But God hath kin_dled this bright light With fire that ne_ver

heaves It falls up_on the for_est shade And sparkles on the
skies; But God hath kin_dled this bright light With fire that ne_ver

heaves It falls up_on the for_est shade And sparkles on the
skies; But God hath kin_dled this bright light With fire that ne_ver

heaves It falls up_on the for_est shade And sparkles on the
skies; But God hath kin_dled this bright light With fire that ne_ver

len:

leaves.
dies.

leaves.
dies.

leaves.
dies.

leaves.
dies.

a tempo.

Rising moon.

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS, IN THE ORATORIO OF THE

Intercession.

Composed by

M. P. KING.

Pr. 25.

Philadelphia, Published by G. E. BLAKE, № 13 South 5th Street.

Flute 1st
Flute 2d
Voice.
PIANO.

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO. Oboe

f *p* cress *f*

p

Must I leave thee, must I leave thee, must I leave thee PA = RA = DISE !

p *p* Cress *p*

hr

Thus leave thee, leave thee, na = = tive soil - -, These

p p sp sp sp p

rf p

hap = = py, hap = = py walks, these walks and shades - - - Yet must I leave thee,

rf p p

must I leave thee, must I leave - - thee PA = RA = DISE!

dol

p Cress dim dol

O Flowrs that never will in o = ther climate grow, Who now shall rear ye

sp sp rf rf

to the Sun, From thee, from thee, how shall I part --

p. Cress *f* *fp* *fp*

p Solo *p*

how shall I part ------ Yet must I leave thee, must I

p *p* *p*

Solo

leave thee, must I leave --- thee PA = = RA = = DISE! ---------- must

rf Cress *rf*

Solo *f*

leave thee PA = RA = DISE!

Cress *f*

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

Set to Music by

Henry Denman,

Organist of Portland Chapel.

BOSTON, Published by JAMES L. HEWITT & CO. at their Music Store No. 36 Market Street . and No. 137 Broadway, NEW YORK.

SLOW.

Our Fa_ther which art in heav'n, hallowed be thy name, Thy

King_dom come, thy will be done on Earth, as it

is in heav'n Give us this day our dai - ly bread and for -

- give us our trespasses As we for - give them that tres - pass a -

- gainst us And lead us not in - to tem - ta - tion, But de - li - ver us from

e - vil for thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry, For

e - ver and e - ver, A - - men.

VALE OF THE CROSS.

A

Sacred Song

the Words by

Mr. Roscoe

Composed by

THOMAS LOUD, Jr.

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn 35 Nth Fourth St.

copy right secured.

Andante Affettuoso.

tr tr

Vale of the Cross the

Shep - - - herdstell 'Tis sweet with - in thy woods to dwell

For there are sainted sha____dows seen That fre_____quent

haunt the dew____y green

In wan___d'ring winds the dirge is sung The convent bell by

fr

retard.

spir___its rung And ma_____tin hymns and ves__per

a tempo.

pray'r Break soft _ _ _ ly on the tran _ _ _ _ quil air Break

ad libitum.

soft _ _ _ _ _ ly on the tran _ _ _ quil air.

(2)

Vale of the Cross the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell
For peace has there her spotless throne
And pleasures to the world unknown
The murmurs of the distant rills
The Sabbath silence of the hills
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heav'n:

The Widow of Nain.

NOW WHEN HE CAME NIGH TO THE GATE OF THE CITY BEHOLD, THERE WAS A DEAD MAN CARRIED OUT, THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER, AND SHE WAS A WIDOW.

The Words by

BISHOP HEBER.

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn 35 Nth Fourth St.

Copy right secured.

Andante Affettuoso.

Wake not, Oh mo__ther sounds of la_menta___tion

Weep not, Oh wi__dow weep not hopelessly.

Strong is his arm, the bringer of salva____tion

For

Strong is the word of God to suc_cour thee Strong is the word of

God to succour thee.

2

Bring forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him,
Hide his pale features with the sable pall;
Chide not the sad one, wildly weeping near him,
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all.

3

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping,
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
"Set down the bier_He is not dead but sleeping;
"Young man arise"_ He spake and was obeyed!

4

Change then Oh sad one! grief to exultation,
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee;
Strong was his arm, the bringer of Salvation,
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee.

Brightest and best of the sons of the Morning

the words by

BISHOP HEBER

Composed by

G. KALLMARK.

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn 35 Nth Fourth St.

Copy right secured.

for mez for

Brightest and best of the

sf rall a tempo pp

sons of the morning Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid Star of the East the ho_ _

_ _ ri_zon a_dorning Guide where our infant Re_deemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining

p

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall Angels a_dore him in

slumber re__eli__ning Ma_ker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

rall a tempo pp

(2)

Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean
Myrrh from the forest or Gold from the mine,
Vainly we offer each ampler oblation
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure
Richer by far is the heart adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Softly when the light of Day

The words altered from "Songs by the Way" by

REV: G. W. DOANE

the Music from the

Opera of Der Freischutz

Composed by

C. M. VON WEBER.

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth St.

Copy right secured.

Adagio.

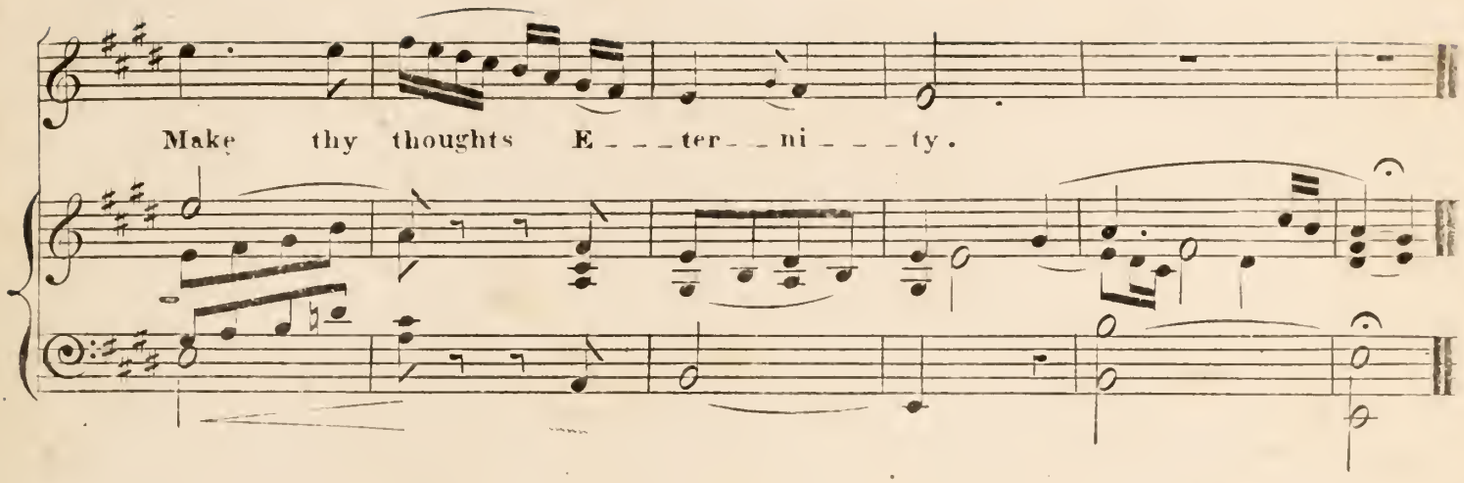
Andante.

dolce

pp

p

Soft . . . ly when the light of day Fades up . . on thy sight a . . . . . way Free from care from la . . . . . bour free



(2)

One there is whose piercing eye,
Nought escapes without, within;
Notes he each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

(3)

Let to him thy prayers be made.
Let to him thy heart be given;
He alone thy refuge made,
Hope of Pardon and of heav'n.

(4)

Then when light of life's last day.
Fades upon thy sight away;
Thine most happy lot shall be,
Bright and blest Eternity.

In careless childhood's sunny hours.

The words by

REV.d G. W. DOANE.

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth St.

Copy right secured

ANDANTE

p

In care--less childhoods sun--ny hours When all we love is nigh, No

p

legato

thorn a--mid life's op--ning flow'rs, No cloud in all its sky We fear no ill, nor

dream of care But deem each following day Shall light us on to fair_er scenes And

beam with bright_er ray. We fear no ill nor dream of care but deem each following

day. Shall light us on to fair_er seens, And beam with bright_er ray.

(2)

And childhood's vernal season past,
And shunn'd youth's thousand snares;
When manhoods autumn comes at last,
With sorrows fears, and cares,
Still, Autumn-like, its skies are bright,
And still the world seems young,
And still we love its mellow light
Its bow'rs with fruitage hung._

(3)

But Autumn's golden skies must fade
And autumn's fruits decay,
And soon, 'mid storms and snows must come.
Old age's wintry day.
A wintry day at best_as short,
As gloomy and as cold,
Till the worn body yeild at last,
And life lets go its hold.

(4)

And when its earthly hold is gone,
The world's brief fashion past,
Are there no hopes that shall survive
No pleasures that shall last?
Yes christian_it is thine to know,
Life's but a weary way.
A short tho' painful pilgrimage.
To realms of Endless day.

Mary Magdalene

A DUETT

NOW WHEN JESUS WAS IN BETHANY IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE LEPER, THERE CAME UNTO HIM A WOMAN HAVING AN ALABASTER BOX OF VERY PRECIOUS OINTMENT, AND POURED IT ON HIS HEAD, AS HE SAT AT MEAT.

Poetry by

ROB^T SOUTHEY ESQ^R

Philadelphia, Miller & Osborn N° 35 N^th Fourth St

Copy right secured

AFFETUOSO.

p *f* *p*

To the Hall of that feast came the sin..ful and fair, She heard in that ci...ty that

To the Hall of that feast came the sin..ful and fair, She heard in that ci...ty that

Je - - - sus was there Un heed - - ing the splen - - dor that blaz'd on the board She

Je - - - sus was there Un heed - - ing the splen - - dor that blaz'd on the board She

si - - lent - ly knelt at the feet of her Lord.

si - - lent - ly knelt at the feet of her Lord.

hr

hr

f

p

(2)

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfume she shower'd on his feet.

(3)

She heard but her saviour, she spoke through her tears,
She dared not look up through the cloud of her fears;
And the deep sigh of penitence burst from her breast,
As her lips to his Sandals, she throbbingly prest

(4)

In the sky after tempest as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow;
He looked on that lost one, her sins were forgiven,
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL,

the Poetry by

FRANCIS S. KEY ESQ.

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn 35 Nth Fourth St.

Copy right secured.

ANDANTE.

p *f*

O where can the soul find re-

ff *p*

-lief from its woes A shel-ter of safe-ty, a home of re-pose? Can

earth's highest summit or deep-est hid vale, Give a re-fuge no sor-row nor

Express:

sin can as... sail No, no there's no

pp

home There's no home on earth .. the soul has no

Largo. Ad lib: tr

pp Colla Voice.

home.

a tempo.

ten.

ff

(2)

Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be giv'n,
And the soul find a home in the glory of Heav'n?
Yes, yes—there's a home —
There's a home in high Heav'n - the soul has a home.

(3)

O holy and sweet, its rest shall be there,
Free forever from sin, and sorrow, and care!
And the loud hallelujah's of Angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies.
Home, home - home of the soul
The bosom of God is the home of the soul.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR ZION WAY

"AND THE RANSOMED OF THE LORD SHALL RETURN AND COME TO ZION WITH SONGS AND EVERLASTING JOY UPON THEIR HEADS"

ISAIAH CHAP 35 V. 10.

Written for this Work

In imitation of Bishop Heber's 315 *"I see them on their winding way"*

Rev.d G. T. Bedell

Composed by

B. HIME

Philadelphia, Miller & Osbourn No. 35 N.th Fourth St.

ALLEGRETTO E CON SPIRITO.

SECOND VER: And who were these thus passd a way, To realms of never ending day, Whose

I see them on their Zi _ on way, A _ bout their ranks bright glories play, Their

joy _ ful looks and bear _ ing high, Blent with their notes of vic _ to _ ry Whose wa _ _ _ _ ving *

joy _ ful looks and bear _ ing high, Blend with their notes of vic _ to _ ry. Their wa _ _ _ _ _ ving

palms and ves. . . . ture bright Are glancing in . the heav'n . . . ly

light There lost and gone, the vi . . . sion's past; Yet bright . . . er

beams are on them cast: While louder louder louder still,

f

Their song is heard on Zions hill; heard on Zions hill; heard on Zions

mf

hill; It seems as if some ho-- -ly joy, Their mingled melo- -dies employ; Some

p

un-told glories new- -ly giv'n, To fa- -vour'd sons of earth or heav'n.

with energy

mf

2

And who were these, thus pass'd away
To realms of never ending day —
Whose joyful looks, and bearing high
Blent with their notes of victory
Whose waving* palms, and vesture bright
Were gleaming in the heav'nly light?
The Saints of God — the rescued throng
From Earths rebellious sons among.
The Anthem loud and louder still,
As on they press'd up Zion hill;
Was but their raptur'd song of praise,
For triumphs of Redeeming grace;
Their joyful looks, and bearing high,
Told of the Saviours victory. —

Earth with her Ten Thousand Flowers

Arranged

to be Sung as a

SOLO DUETT OR TRIO

from the

Italien

Composed by

WINTER.

Philad^a Miller & Osbourn N° 35 N^th Fourth S^t

Copy right secured.

ANDANTE.

1st Treble

Earth with her ten thousand flowers, Air with all its beams and show'rs; All a-

p

round and all a-bove, Hath this re-cord "God is love." Sounds a-mong the vales and

2d Treble

Sounds a-mong the vales and

mez for.

hills, In the woods and by the rills; All these Songs, beneath, a - - - bove, Have one

hills, In the woods and by the rills; All these Songs, beneath, a - - - bove, Have one

burthen "God is love."

burthen "God is love." All the char - - - i - ties that start, From the

fountains of the heart; These are voices from a - - - - bove, Sweet - ly whisp'ring "God is

Earth with her ten thou - - - sand

1st Tenor

love." Sweet-ly whisp - - ring "God is love." Earth with her ten thou - - - sand

flowers, Air with all its beams and showers; All are voi - - - ces from a

flowers, Air with all its beams and showers; All are voi - - - ces from a - - -

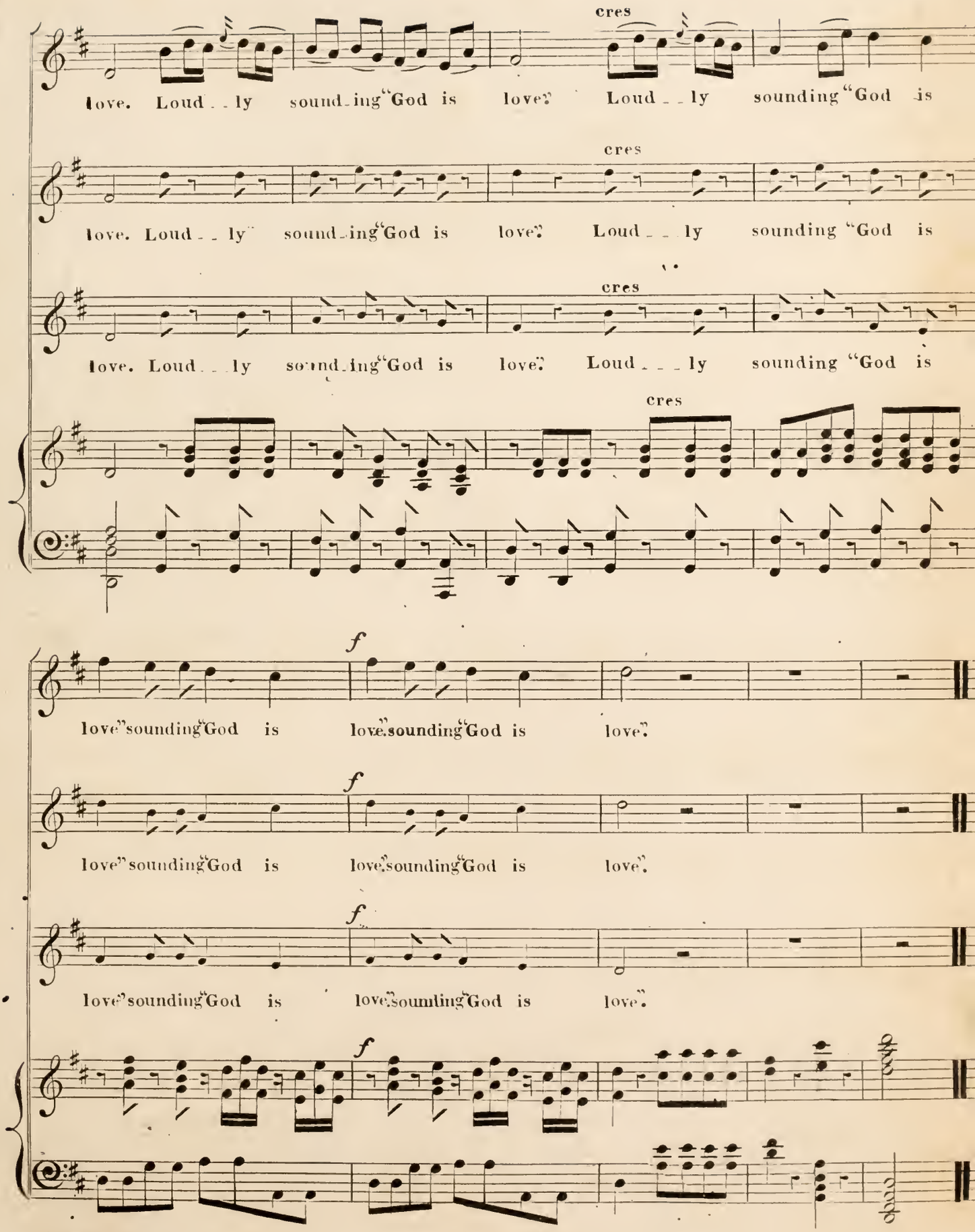
2d Tenor

All are voi - - - ces from a - -

- bove, Loud - ly sound - - ing "God is love." loud - ly sound - - - ing "God is

- bove, Loud - - ly sound - ing "God is love." loud - - ly sound - ing "God is

bove, Loud - - ly sound - ing "God is love." loud - - ly sound - ing "God is


cres
love. Loud . . ly sound-ing "God is love." Loud . . ly sounding "God is
cres
love. Loud . . ly sound-ing "God is love." Loud . . . ly sounding "God is
cres
love. Loud . . ly sound-ing "God is love." Loud . . . ly sounding "God is
cres
f
love" sounding "God is love" sounding "God is love".
f
love" sounding "God is love" sounding "God is love".
f
love" sounding "God is love" sounding "God is love".
f

The Martyr's Song

"WHO FOLLOWS IN THEIR TRAIN"

the Words by

BISHOP HEBER

Composed by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Philad.a Miller & Osbourn No.35 N.th Fourth St.

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.

expres.

The martyr first whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who

f

saw his mas-ter in the sky, And call'd on him to save: Like

him with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mortal pain; He

pp soave

pray'd for them that did the wrong, Who fol lows in his train.

slentando *f*

(2)

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the Cross and flame.
They met the tyrants brandish'd steel,
The Lions gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel -
Who follows in their train?

(3)

A noble Army - men and boys
The matron and maid,
Around the throne they now rejoice,
In robes of light array'd
They climb'd the steep ascent above,
Through peril, toil and pain;
Have we the courage, faith and love -
To follow in their train?

CONTENTMENT.

Words by

Bishop Underdonk

Composed by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Philad.a Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth St.

LARGHETTO ESPRESSIVO.

mf e tenuto molto

rf

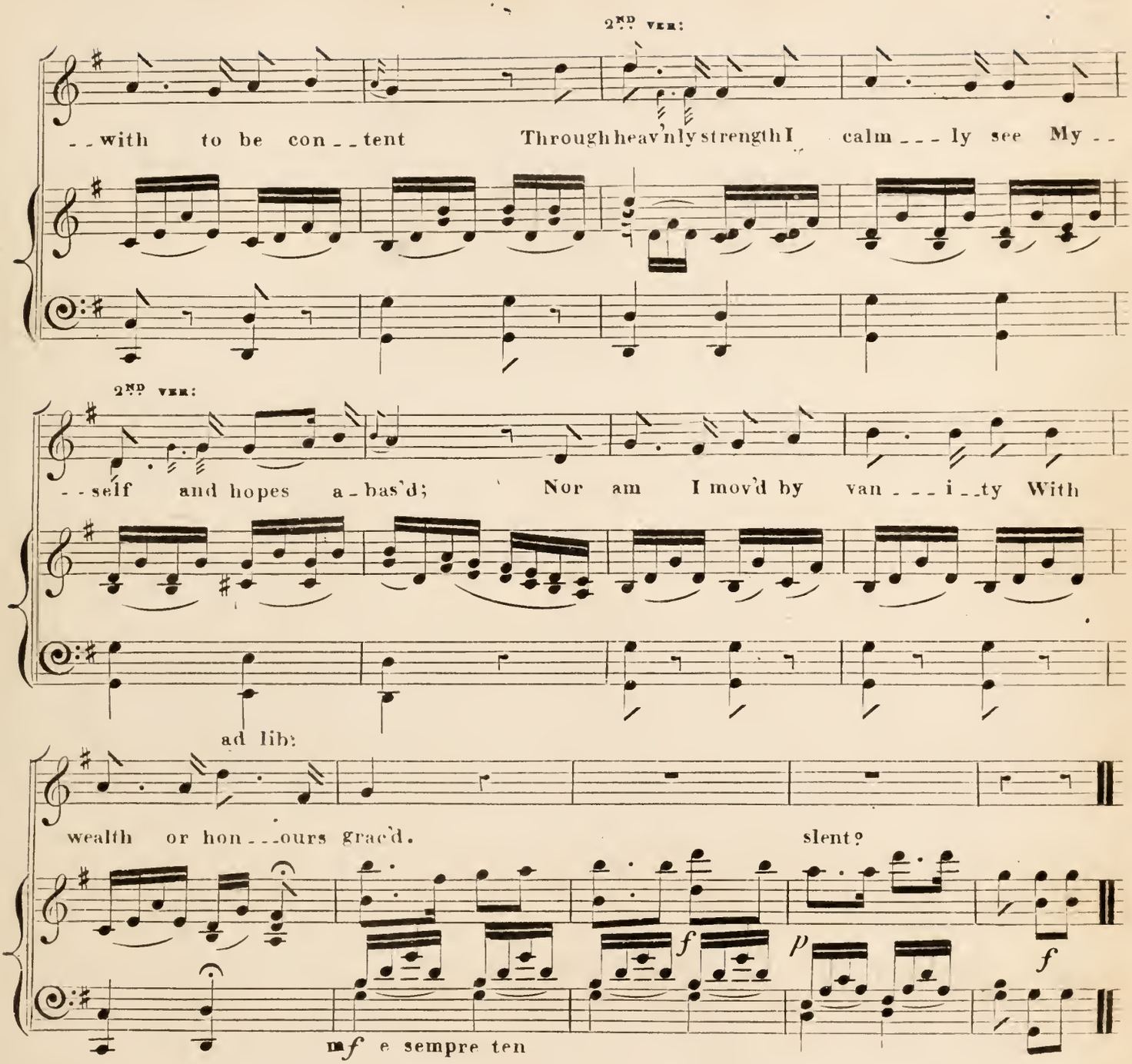
What___ev____er por_tion,

f

dim

p

in its turn, By Prov_i_dence be sent, This hap__py rule I ev__er learn, There_



2

Where'er my home, whate'er my fate
Or poverty or weal,
In every place, in every state
Contentment still I feel;
Humble, when blessings overflow,
Patient, when blessings fade,
To every fortune I can bow,
Through my Redeemer's aid.

Sometimes a light surprises.

WORDS BY

COWPER.

Philad.a Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth St.

Copy right secured.

ANDANTE

SECOND VERSE.

Though vine nor fig tree nei - - - - - - ther, Their won - - - ted fruit shall

Some-times a light sur - - - pri - - - - - - ses The Chris - - tian while he

bear, Though all the fields should with - - - - - er, Nor flocks nor herds be

sings It is the Lord that ris - - - - - es With hea - - ling on his

there; Yet God the same a - - - bi - - ding, His praise shall tune my

wings When com - forts are de - - - cli - ning He grants the soul a - - -

voice; For while in him con - - fi - - - - - - ding, I can - - not but re - -

- - gain A sea - - son of clear shi - - - - - ning To cheer it af - - ter

- - joice. *p* *f* *p* *f* *hr* *p*

rain. *f*

When Spring unlocks the Flowers

Words by

BISHOP HEBER

Composed by

MRS P. MILLARD.

Philad.a Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth St.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO

Voce

Piano

Forte

cres

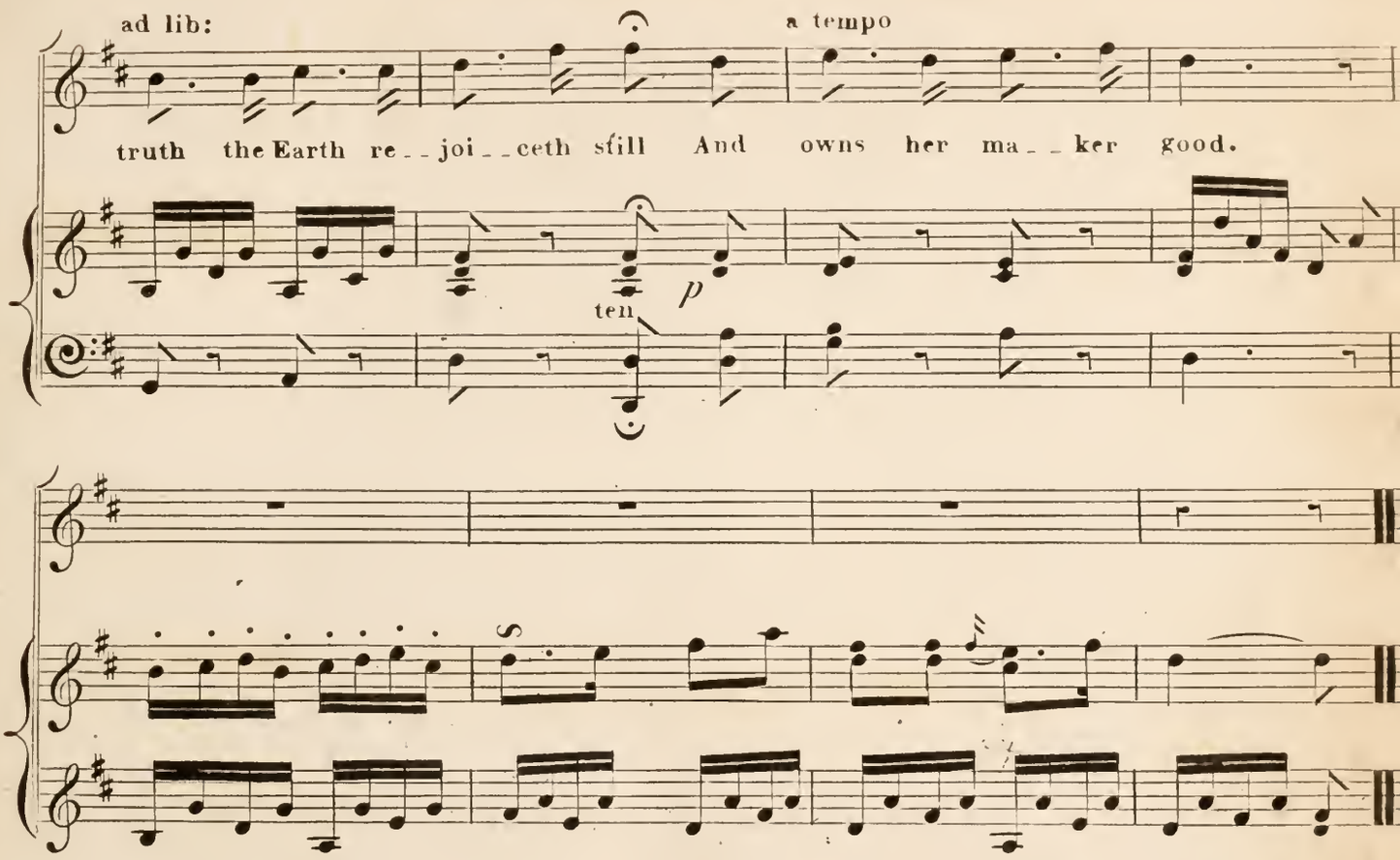
When Spring unlocks the flow_ers gay, to paint the laughing soil; When

dol

sum_mers balmy showers, re_fresh the mow_ers toil; When

win_ter binds in fros_ty chains, the fal_low and the flood; In

truth the Earth re_joi_ceth still, and owns her ma_ker good. In



2

The birds that wake the morning up, and those that love the shade,
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The Sun that from his amber bower, rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their master's name, in silent pomp display.

3

Shall man, the Lord of nature, and expectant of the sky,
Shall man alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to roll,
The Maker let him truly love, with all his heart and soul.

4

The flowers of spring may wither, and the hope of summer fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled, the Sun and moon forget their course to run,
Be he whose heart is right with heav'n, finds glory but begun.

BISHOP HEBER'S

Missionary Hymn

Arranged to the subject of

MOST BEAUTIFUL APPEARS

from

Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation

BY

THOMAS LOUD Jr.

Philad.a Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth St. Copy right secured.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

From Greenlands i___cy mountains, From India's co__ral strand, Where

Af___ric's sun_ny foun__tains, Roll down their gold_en sand From

many an ancient River From many a pal_my plain They call us to de_ _

_ _ _ liv_ _ _ er Their land from er_ _ _ rors chain They call us to de_ _

_ _ _ liv_ er Their land from er_ _ rors chain Their land from

er_ _ _ rors chain.

Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn

Arranged for

Three Voices

with an ACCOMPANIMENT for the

PIANO FORTE OR ORGAN

the subject from

Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation, by

THOMAS LOUD.

Philad.a Miller & Osbourn No. 35 Nth Fourth Street.

Copy right secured.

Andante Cantabile

Tenor. / Treble. / Base.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand; Where

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand; Where

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand; Where

p

Af - ric's sun - ny foun - - tains, Roll down their gol - den sand; From

Af - ric's sun - ny foun - - tains, Roll down their gol - den sand; From

Af - ric's sun - ny foun - - tains, Roll down their gol - den sand; From

many an an-cient riv - er, From many a pal - my plain, They

many an an-cient riv - er, From many a pal - my plain, They

many an an-cient riv - er, From many a pal - my plain, They

call us to de - liv - - er Their land from er - - rors

call us to de - liv - - er Their land from er - - rors

call us to de - liv - - er Their land from er - - rors

f

chain, They call us to de - - liv - er Their land from errors

f

chain, They call us to de - - liv - er Their land from er - rors

f

chain, They call us to de - - liv - er Their land from errors

chain, Their land from er - - rors chain.

chain, Their land from er - - rors chain.

chain, Their land from er - - rors chain.

2.

What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny;
Salvation! Oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

4.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Watchman tell us of the Night

A Missionary or Christmas Hymn by

BOWRING

Sung at the Monthly Concert Park St. Church Boston

Music by

LOWELL MASON.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE Washington Street.

ANDANTE.

1st Voice.

Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's

2d Voice.

height, See that glo---ry beaming star! Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of

1st Voice.

hope or joy foretel? Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is_ra_el!

2d Voice.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1830, by C. Bradlee, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

CHORUS.

1st Voice. Watchman! yes, it brings the day,— Promis'd day of Is--ra--el!

2d Voice. Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,— Promis'd day of Is--ra--el!

Bass. Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,— Promis'd day of Is--ra--el!

Piano-Forte. 8va

Sym: p

2.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ller! blessedness and light
Peace and truth, its course portends,
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller! ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ller! darknes takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

CHORUS to third Verse.

f ff Watchman! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

f ff Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

f ff Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

f ff 8va Sym: as above

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY,

Composed and Arranged for Four Voices

With an accompaniment for the

Piano Forte

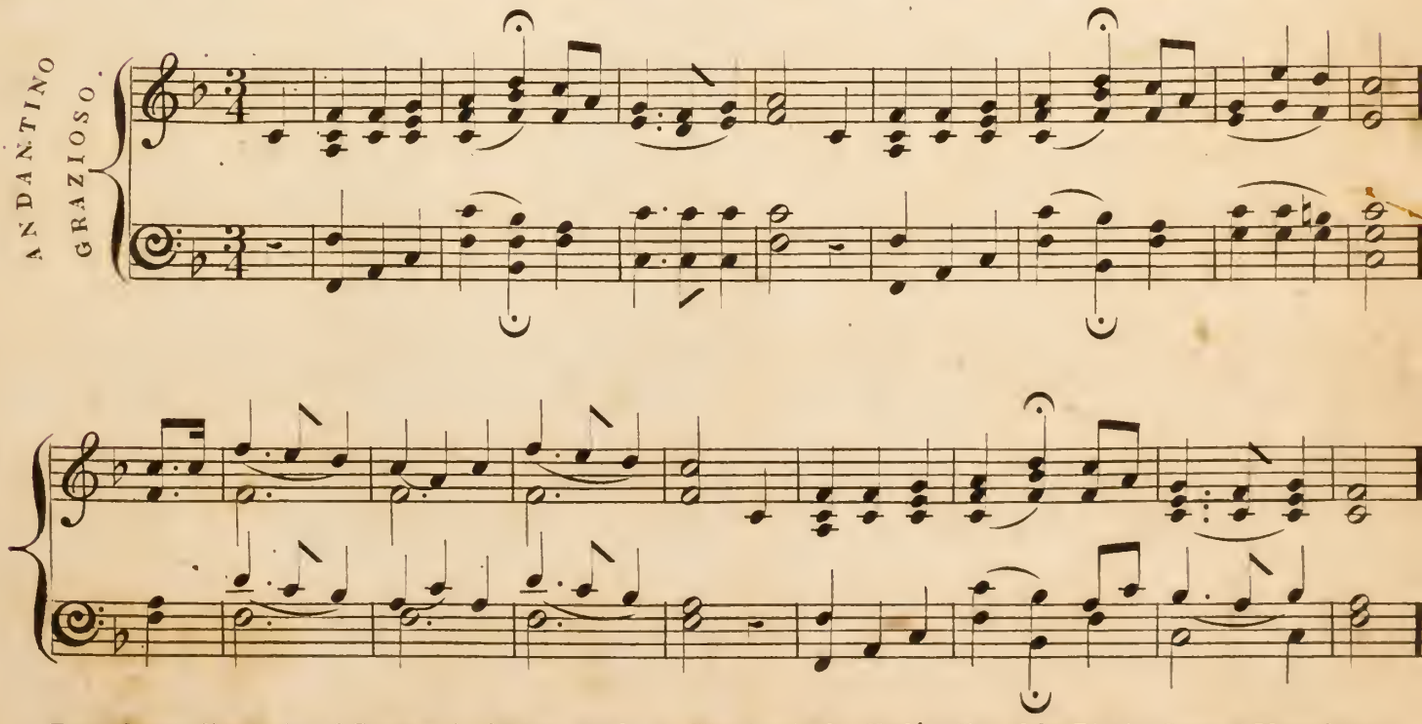
And respectfully dedicated to the

REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY

By

GEO. KINGSLEY.

BOSTON: Published for the AUTHOR, by C. BRADLEE Washington Street.



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1834 by G. Kingsley in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

LOUD & CO.
PIANO FORTE

Tenor.

* I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

2d. Treble.

1st. Treble.

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

Bass.

PIANO-FORTE.

The few lucid moments that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

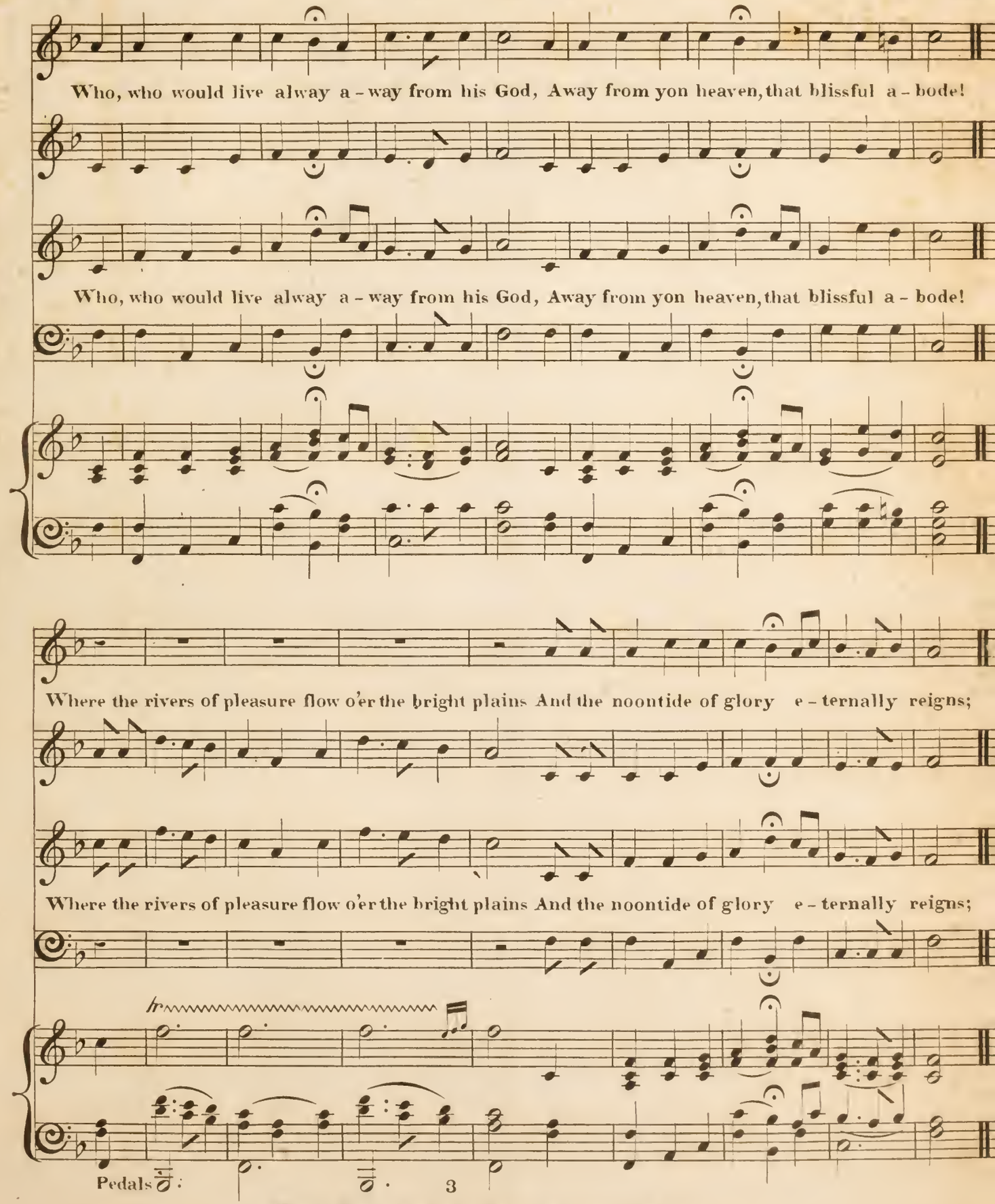
The few lucid moments that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

1

※ I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

* With Alterations.

※ Original.



Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

I HEAR THEE SPEAK OF A BETTER LAND,

Words by

Mrs. Hemans,

The Music by her Sister

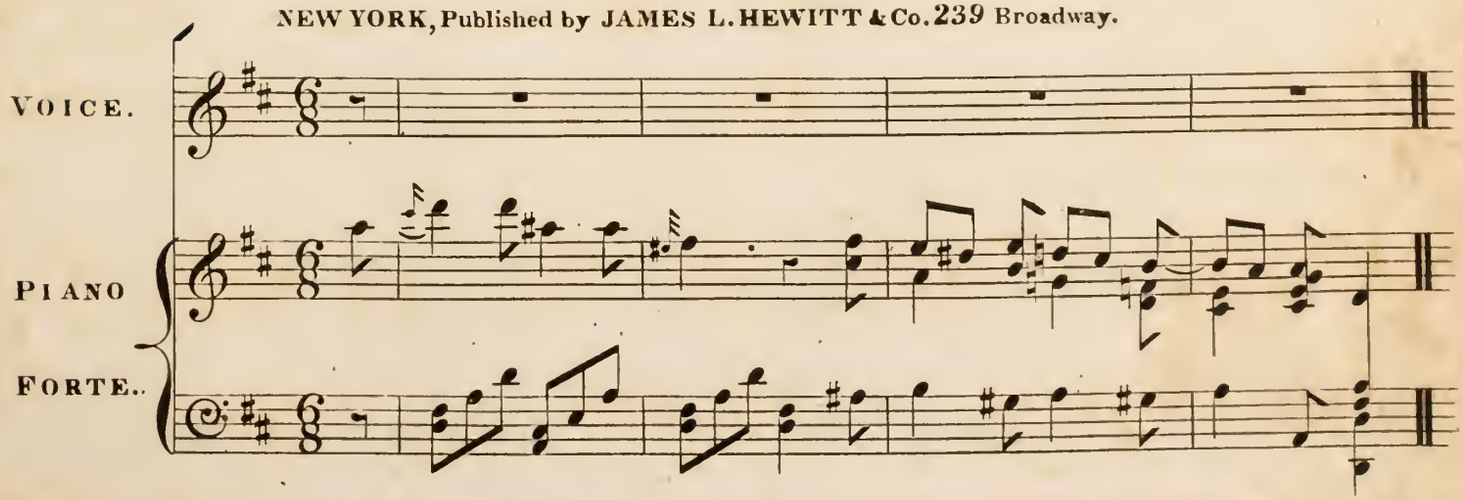
As Sung by

Mrs. Pomeroy

Arranged by

ROBERT GEO. PAIGE.

NEW YORK, Published by JAMES L. HEWITT & Co. 239 Broadway.



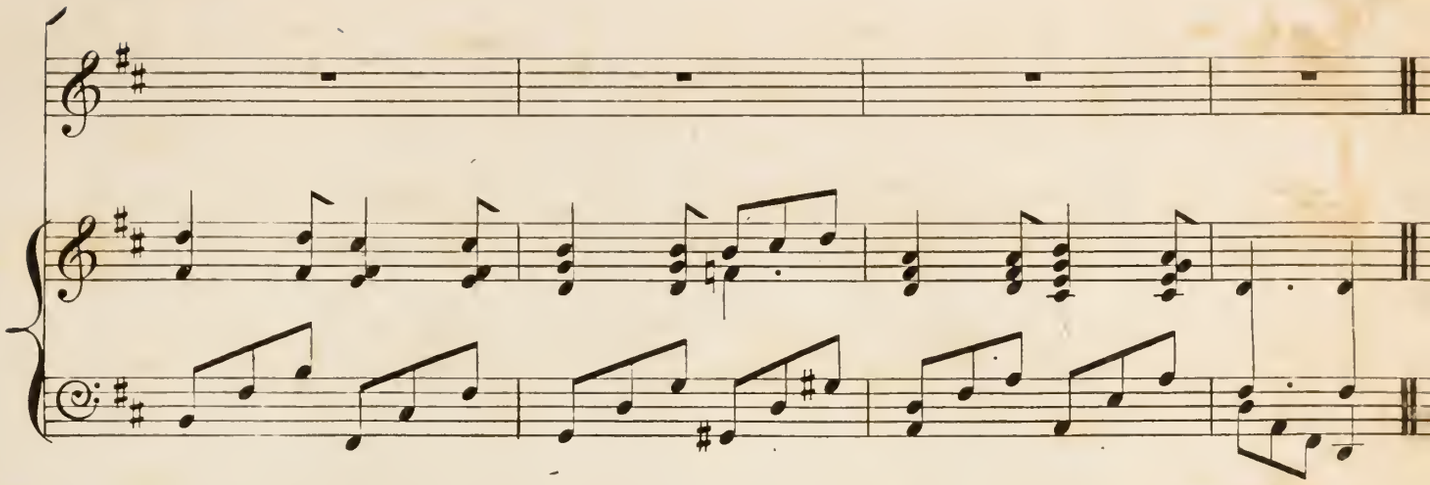
"Entered according to Act of Congress" in the year 1836 by J. L. Hewitt & Co. in the Office of the Clerk, of the Southern District of New York.

I hear thee speak of the better Land, Thou Call'st its Child'ren happy band

Mother Oh! where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it and weep no more Is it

where the flow'r of the Orange blows and the Fire flies dance in the myrtle boughs Not

there! Not there! my Child Not there, Not there my Child.



2

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas;
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
O er the rich hues of all glorious things,
Not there! Not there! my Child.

3

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the valleys shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine?
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand,
Is it there sweet Mother that better Land!
Not there! Not there my Child.

4

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its faultless bloom
For beyond the Clouds and beyond the tomb!
It is there! It is there! my Child.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Pendleton's Lithog.^y Boston.

Sung by

Miss H. Cawse

Composed by

G. A. HODSON.

NEW-YORK.

Pub.^d by James L. Hewitt & Co. 137 Broadway

Sold by

G. WILLIG

THE MOTHERLESS.

(G.A. HODSON.)

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

p dol. p dim.

p cres.

Ah! say not thou art lone_ly now, While I am by thy side! Nor

p

hope that smiles would light thy brow, Won by a new_made Bride! Oh

p

cres. piu lento.

stay! till Time its balm hath pour'd, And pass'd with heal_ing wing O'er_

colla voce.

con espress

our wrung hearts, ere to our board That stranger thou shalt bring!

colla voce.

cres.

p dim

p

Here are the birds she used to love, The flow'rs she used to tend;

p

dim.

There hangs the web her fingers wove, Where varied co_lours blend. The

piu lento

o_ _ penbook the va_ _ cant chair, The now for_ sa_ ken lute Tho'

colla voce

dol. a tempo.

con espress..

voice_ less tell thee, "she was there"_ Is mem'ry on_ ly mute?_ _

p

cres..

p

p dim..

f p

f p

p

Look on her semblance_ 'tis the shield That next my heart I bear: And

p

dim.

dim.

ask thy Love if it could yield, An_ _other's chain's to wear?_ _.

p dol.

p cres.

espress.

Gaze on that meek, up_ _braiding brow, Where heav'n its seal has set_ Then

colla voce.

con espres.

go_ and if thou canst al_ low Thy bosom to for_ _get_ _

p

cres.

f p

cres.

dim.

p

Thou wilt not, Fa_ther! no I see The Orphan's pray'r is won, Thou

p f p

wilt not link our des_ti_ny With that un_gen_tle One! No!

p lento a tempo

by the tear that gems thine eye, This long and dear em_brace, I_ _

colla voce p

feel the Child will still sup_ply The Mother's va_cant place! _ _

p

cres

IN HAPPIER HOURS

From

MELODIES OF VARIOUS NATIONS

the Poetry by

T. H. BAYLY ESQ.

Arranged by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Published by John Cole Baltimore

p

decres. pp legati. pp

dim. len°

In hap_pier hours, my pleasure all day; Was to rove with the thoughtless or

dance with the gay. Through life as I sported no clouds could I see; And the

hearts that where gay_est, were dear_est to me: But now in af_flic_tion how

chang'd is the view; Tho' gay hearts are many, Sin_cere ones are few.

2

Tho' some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test;
Their love and their friendship endure for a while,
When fortune is smiling, they also can smile —
Like blossoms that wither when daylight is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

3

But you in my sorrow still faithfully came,
And tho' I am alter'd I find you the same:
Whene'er you come near me no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind —
Like the night blowing Cereus, which sheds its perfume
And opens its blossoms 'midst darkness and gloom.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A Favorite Glee for Three Voices

As Sung at the

SALEM GLEE CLUB.

BOSTON: Published by C BRADLEE Washington Street

ANDANTE.

BASS Solo.

Come, come my children, I must see, How you can say your A B C, Go get your books & hither come to me

And I will hear your E F G. Hold up your heads and frighten'd dont ye be While you repeat to me you

L M N O P, Come, come my darlings now let me see, How well you know your U X Y & Z.

V. S. Trio.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1834 by C. Bradlee in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

TRIO.

1st Voice.

A B C D E F G. H I J K L M N O P

2d Voice.

A B C D E F G. H I J K L M N O P

Bass.

A B C D E F G. H I J K L M N O P

Piano Forte.

Q R S T U W V. Q R S T U W V.

Q R S T U W V. Q R S T U W V.

(To the Other) (To the Other)

Dont you be so much alarm'd Dont you cry you shant be harm'd Dont you laugh you rogue at me, mind I say your A B C.

X & Y & Z oh dear me! I cannot say my A B C.

X & Y & Z oh dear me! I cannot say my A B C.

Else I will whip you and send you out of school For you are a naughty boy and do not mind my rule.

The 1st & 2d Voices repeat A, B, &c, during the following three verses.

3d Verse.

(Firm) Not so, not so, not so, not so, (With other) Bravo, bravo, bravo, boy, how well your task you know. (Firm) Not so, not so, not so stupid boy, (With other) That's right, ah! my dearest child you are your masters joy. Take good care, now, shut your books, On your master fix your looks, If you miss what e'er I tell you And dont say the words I spell you Then I shall whip you and beat you all around; Silence, softly, silence, let me not hear a sound.

4th Verse.

B A B Bab; B E B Beb; Ba be bi bo bu, Ra re ri ro ru, C A Ca and C U Cu. A B Ab; E B Eb; I B Ib; O B Ob; B A Ba; B E Be; B I Bi; B O Bo; L A B Lab; L E B Leb; Na ne ni no nu, Sa se what d'ye mean you rogue by twisting off my cue.

5th Verse.

Is it not a cruel fate a master thus to be, Doom'd to teach such naughty boys, such blunder heads as these, Ah! who knows my mis_e_ry, or half the pains en_dured While my grief my troubles dire, I know cannot be cured, Nothing else but letters telling Rul_ing books and hard words spelling; Pens a making, boys a shaking, Reading writing scolding fighting, Coaxing on the stubborn ones, and pushing on the lazy, Toils like these are hard enough to drive a poor man crazy.

The Messenger Bird

A Duett

The Lady of

MRS. HEMANS,

The Mussly

HER SISTER.

Pr. 50.

New-York Publised by Dubois & Stodart 167 Broadway &

Thompson & Homans Washington.

Kreissmann & Mann
7 South 6th Chesnut St.

ESPRESSIVO.

1st Voice.

Thou art come from the spirit's land, thou bird! thou art

2d Voice.

Thou art come from the spirit's land, thou bird! thou art

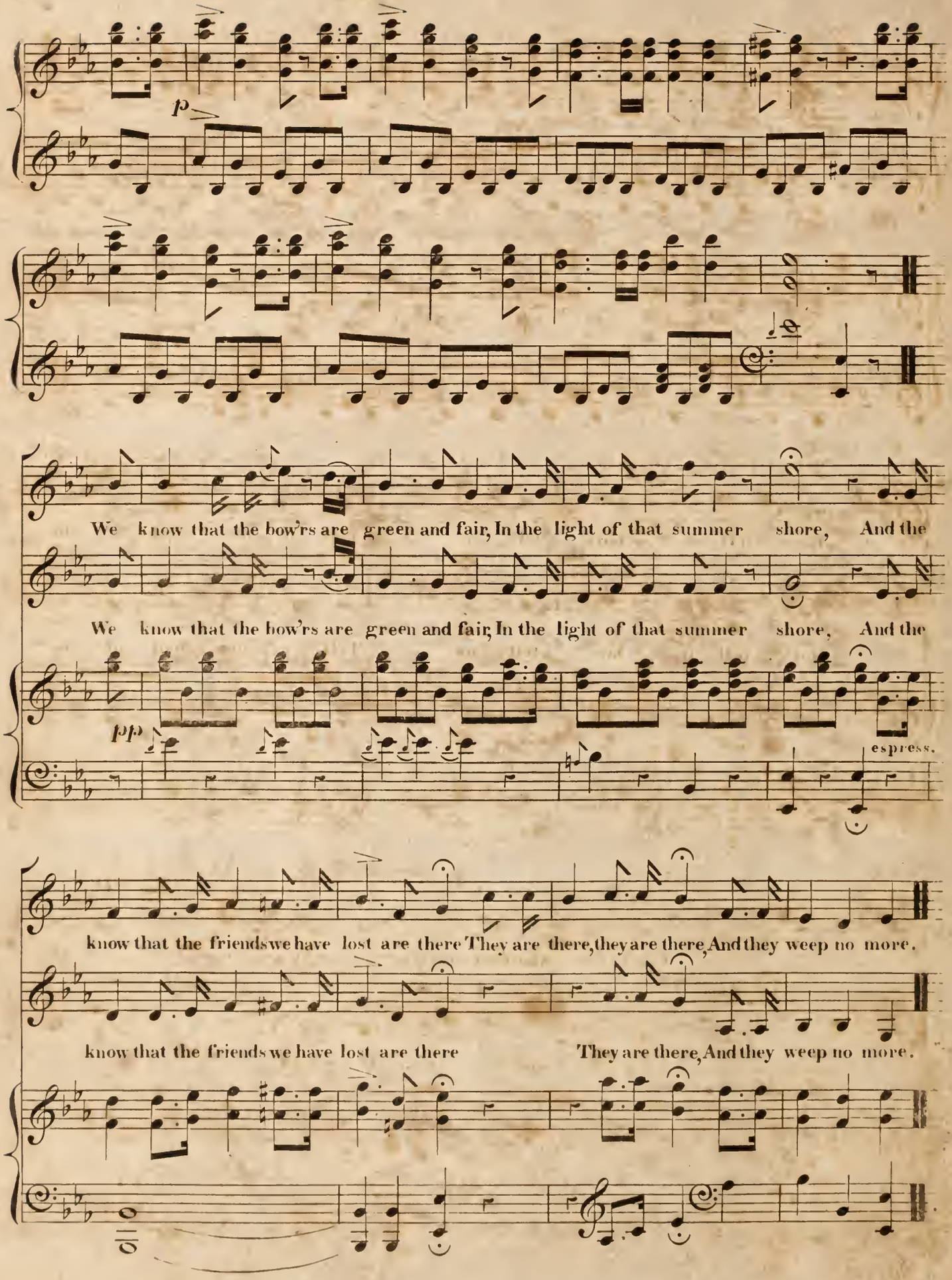
PIANO FORTE.

come from the spirit's land Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And

come from the spirit's land Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And

tell of the shadowy band tell of the shadowy band.

tell of the shadowy band tell of the shadowy band.


p
We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the light of that summer shore, And the
We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the light of that summer shore, And the
pp
espress.
know that the friends we have lost are there They are there, they are there, And they weep no more.
know that the friends we have lost are there They are there, And they weep no more.

p

Molto espress.

But tell us but tell us Tell us thou Bird of the

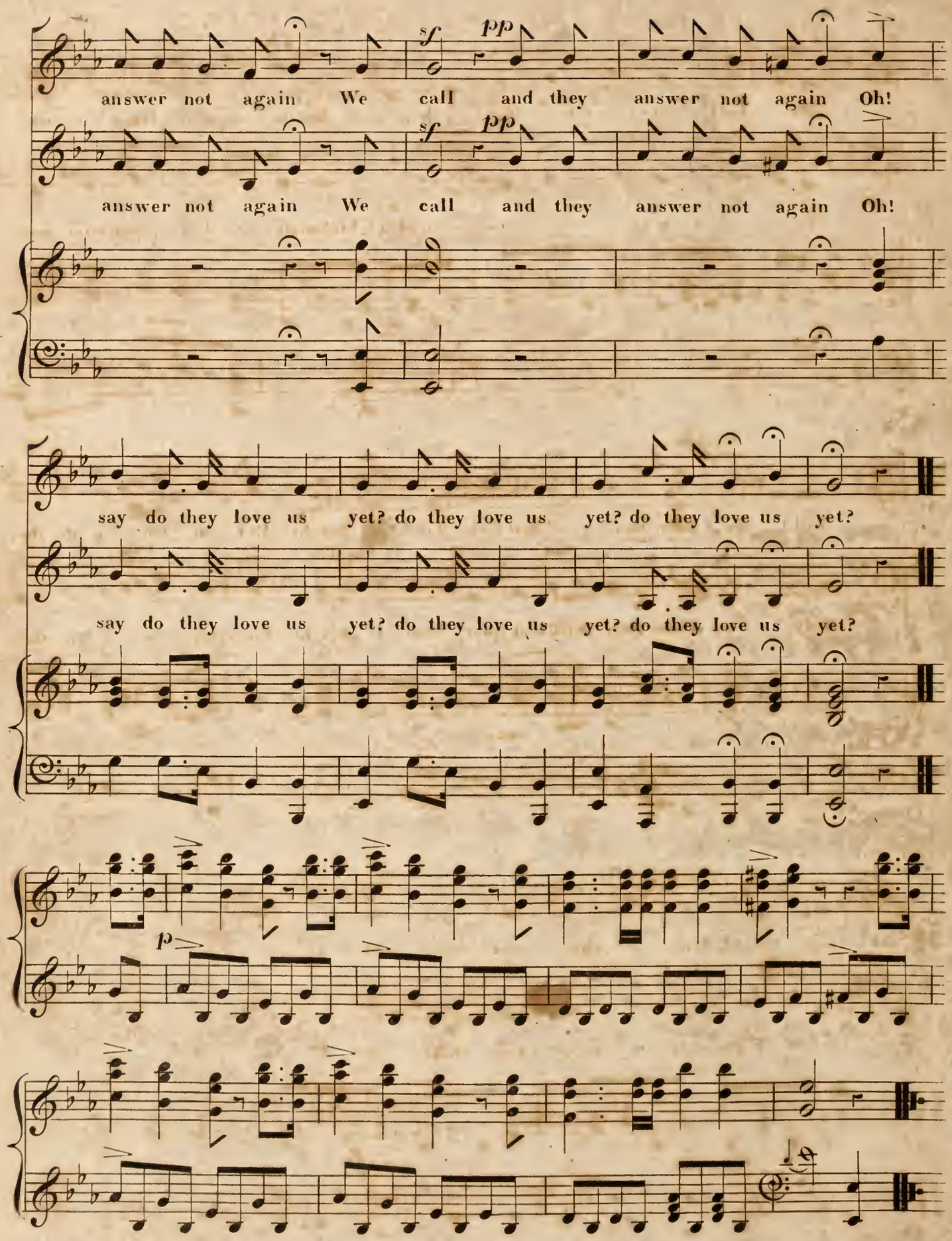
But tell us but tell us Tell us thou Bird of the

sf *pp*

solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for - get? we call and thy

sf *pp*

solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for - get? we call and thy


sf pp
answer not again We call and they answer not again Oh!
sf pp
answer not again We call and they answer not again Oh!
say do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?
say do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?
p

Minore.

We call them far through the si_lent night And they speak not from cave nor

We call them far through the si_lent night And they speak not from cave nor

p

Maggiore.

hill We know thou bird! that their land is bright But say Oh! say do they

hill We know thou bird! that their land is bright But say Oh! say do they

love there still? do they love there still? do they love there still?

love there still? do they love there still? do they love there still?

What Fairy like Music.

(A GONDOLA SONG OR DUETT,)

Words by

Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

MUSIC BY

J. DE PINNA.

Published by JOHN COLE, Baltimore.

GRAZIOSO.

p mf

What fai__ry like mu__sic steals O__ver the

p p

sea En tran__cing the sen__ses with charm'd me lo__dy

What fai_ry like mu_sic steals O_ver the sea, En_tran_cing the

What fai_ry like mu_sic steals O_ver the sea, En_tran_cing the

sen_ses with charm'd me_lo_dy Tis the voice of the Mermaid, that

sen_ses with charm'd me_lo_dy Tis the voice of the Mermaid, that

floats O'er the main, As she mingles her song with the Gon_do_lier's.

floats O'er the main, As she mingles her song with the Gon_do_lier's.

strain! 'Tis the voice of the Mer—maid that floats O'er the main, As she

strain! 'Tis the voice of the Mer—maid that floats O'er the main, As she

Cres.

min—gles her song with the Gon—do—liers strain.

min—gles her song with the Gon—do—liers strain.

p

f

p

The winds are all hush'd, and the waters at rest;

They sleep like the passions in Infancy's breast!

The winds are all hushd &c

Till storms shall unchain them, from out their dark cave,

And break the repose of the Soul and the wave!

Till storms &c

DINNA FORGET,

A Ballad

The Words by

John Imlah Esq.r

Composed by

MRS. MILLARD.

NEW YORK Published by DUBOIS & STODART 167 Broadway.

AFFETUOSO con ESPRESSIONE.

p

Din - na for - get! lad - die - din - na for - get!

p

Ne'er make me rue that we e_ver have met; Wide tho' we se_ver_

mez:

pp p ad lib.

parted for e_ver_ Willie! when far a_wa_ dinna forget!

p pp p mez.

We part and it may be_ we meet never mair; Yet my heart as in Hope, will be

p

true in des_pair; And the sigh of remembrance_ the tear of regret For

thee will be frequent then dinna for_get! When the

mez. dim.

star o' the gloamin is beaming above, think how oft it hath lighted the tryst of our love; O!

pp p

ad lib.

deem it an angel's ee Heaven hath set To watch thee to warn thee sae dinna for_get!

dim. rall.

LOAN OF
F. THOMPSON'S
WASHINGTON

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY

Mrs. Hemans.

Music by

Miss Browne,

Sister of Mrs Hemans.

BALTIMORE. Published and Sold by G. WILLIG Jr

MAESTOSO.

The brea_king waves dash'd high, On a stern and rock bound_coast;

And the woods a_gainst a stor_my sky, Their gi___ant branches

toss'd. And the hea_vy night hung dark, The hills and wa_ters

o'er, When a Band of Ex_ _iles moor'd their Bark, On the

wild New England shore.

p *pp* *espress:*

Not as the Conqueror comes, They the true heart_ed

f *p*

came, Not with the roll of the stir_ _ring Drums, Or the

f

Trum_pet that sings of Fame Not as the Fly_ing come, In

p

si_lence and in fear, They shook the depths of the

pp *f* animato

de_sert's gloom, With their Hymns of lof_ty cheer.

ff

Amidst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the

f

sea! And the sound__ing aisles of the dim woods rang, To the

An____them of the Free! The O____cean Ea__gle

ff

soar'd From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the

rock_ing Pines of the For_est roar'd This was their welcome home!

f

What sought they thus a far? Bright Jewels, Bright Jewels, Bright

espressivo.

Jewels of the Mine? The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?

V.S.

dim:

Poco piu Lento.

They sought a Faith's pure shrine. Aye! call it

p

ho_____ly ground, The spot where first they

trod_ They have left un__stained what

f

there they found, Free dom to wor ship God!

Come o'er the Sea.

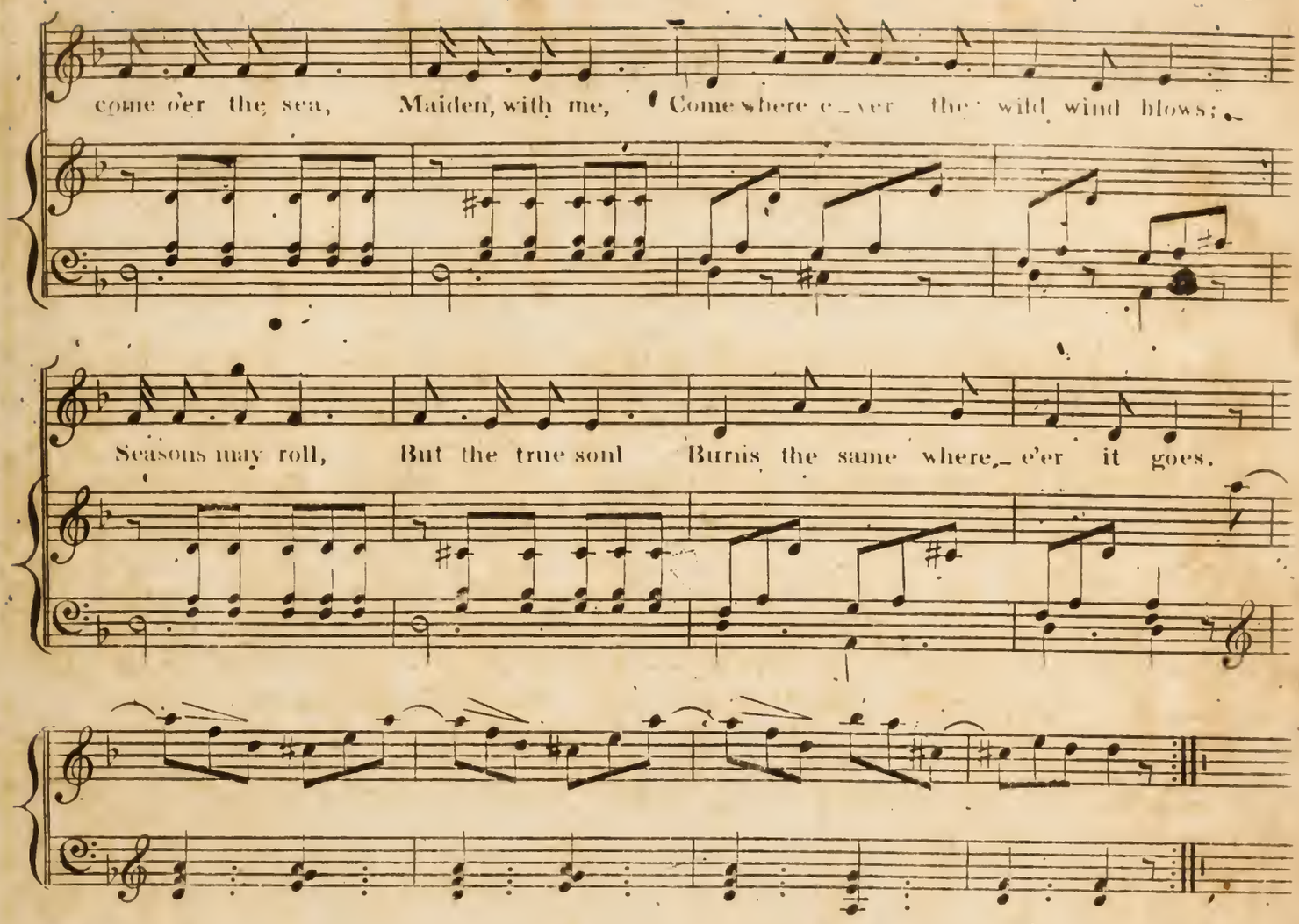
With impassioned Melancholy.

Come o'er the sea Maiden with me Mine thro' sunshine storm and snows;

Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same where-e'er it goes. Let Fortune

frown, so we love and part not, 'Tis life where THOU art, 'Tis death where thou art not, 'Then

SOLD AT



Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves;
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air; — they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me; — Bis.
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cuishlih ma chree! &c.

"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY;"

Sung by Miss P. Fisher,

Composed by

MR: BAYLEY.

Baltimore Published by John Cole.

Allegretto ma non troppo.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bow'r, Where Ro_ses and Lillies and Vi_o_lets meet;

Rov_ing for ever from flow_er to flower, And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Lentando. Cadenza ad lib.

I'd never languish for wealth or for power, I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;

a tempo.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bow'r, And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

I'd be a Butterfly, I'd be a Butterfly, Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

8ve ---------- loco.

Oh could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,

I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings; Their summer day's ram-ble is sportive and ai-ry, They

sleep in a Rose when the Nightingale sings. Those who have wealth must be watch_ful and wa_ry,

Cad. ad lib. tem.

Pow_er a_las nought but mise_ry brings; I'd be a Butterfly sportive and ai_ry

Rock'd in a Rose when the Nightingale sings; I'd be a Butterfly, I'd be a Butterfly,

8ve

Rock'd in a Rose when the Nightingale sings.

loco.

Slow & expressive.

What though you tell me each gay little ro_ver, Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;

Sure_ly 'tis better when summer is o_ver, To die, when all fair things are fading a_way;

Cad ad lib.

Some in life's winter may toil to dis_cov_er means of pro_curing a weary delay.....

a tem.

I'd be a Butterfly living a rover, Dy_ing when fair things are fading a_way,

I'd be a Butter_fly I'd be a Butter_fly Dy_ing when fair things are

8ve

fading a_way.

loco.

DAYS OF ABSENCE

or

Rousseaus Dream

WITH

Variations

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

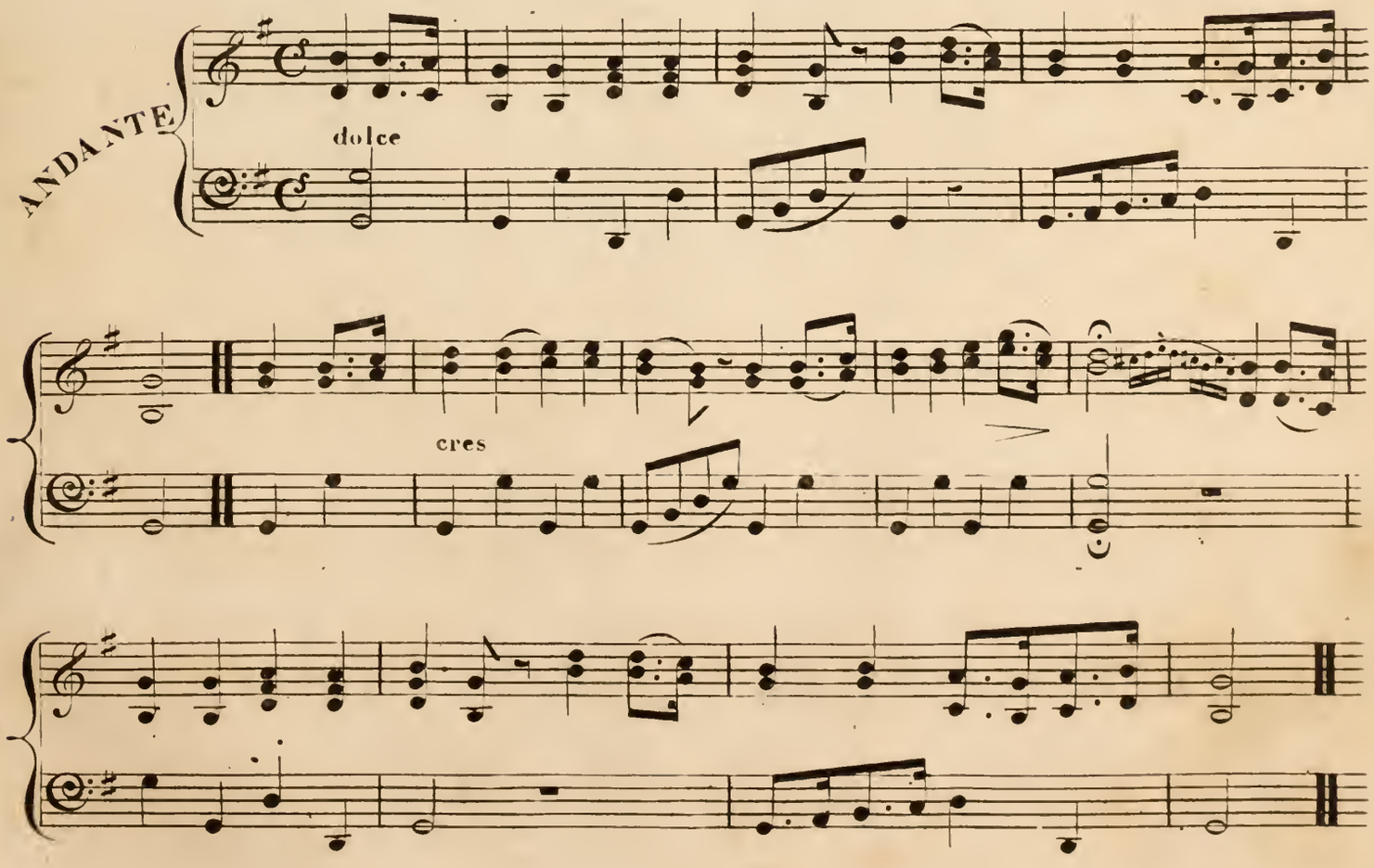
Pr. 62 C.

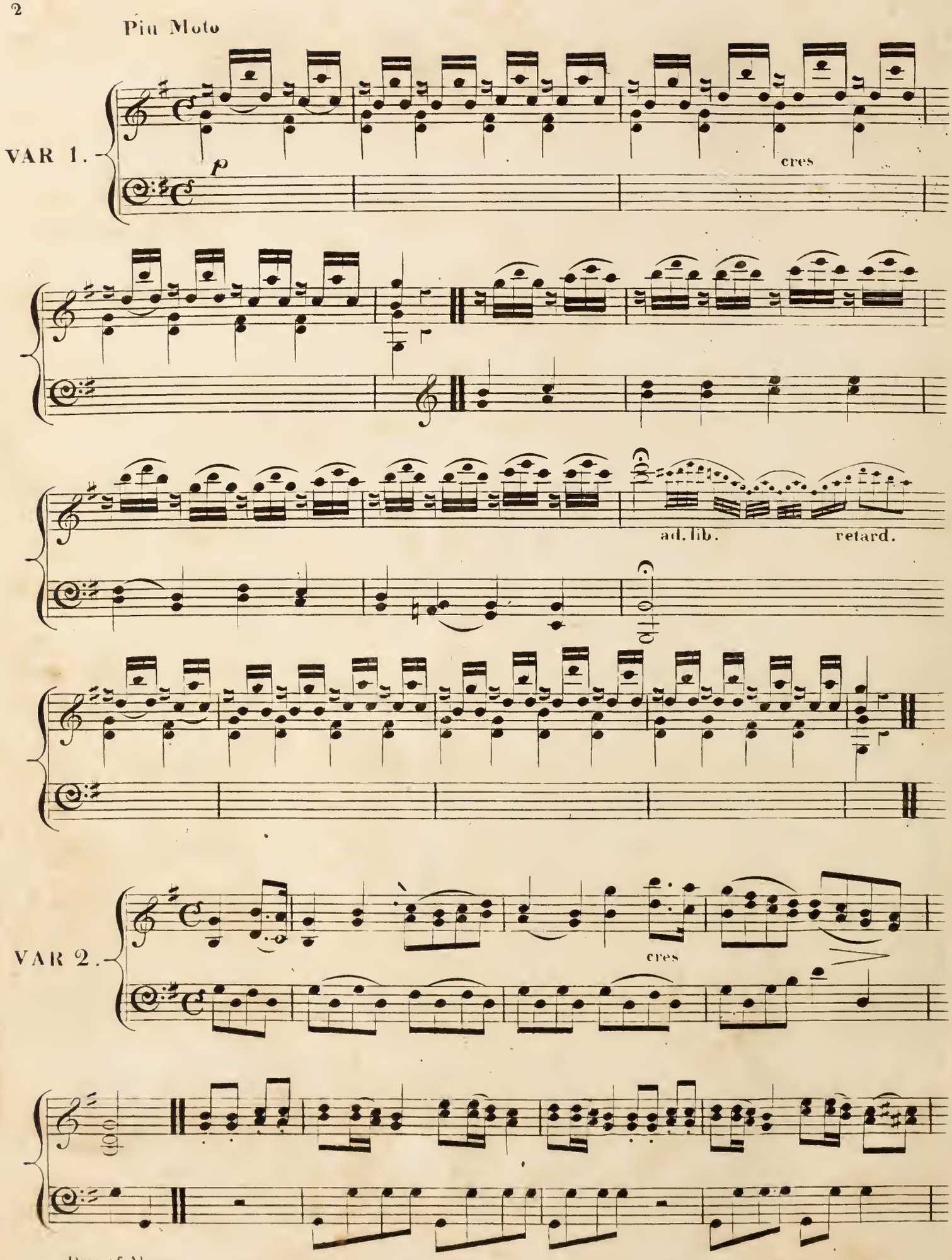
—by—

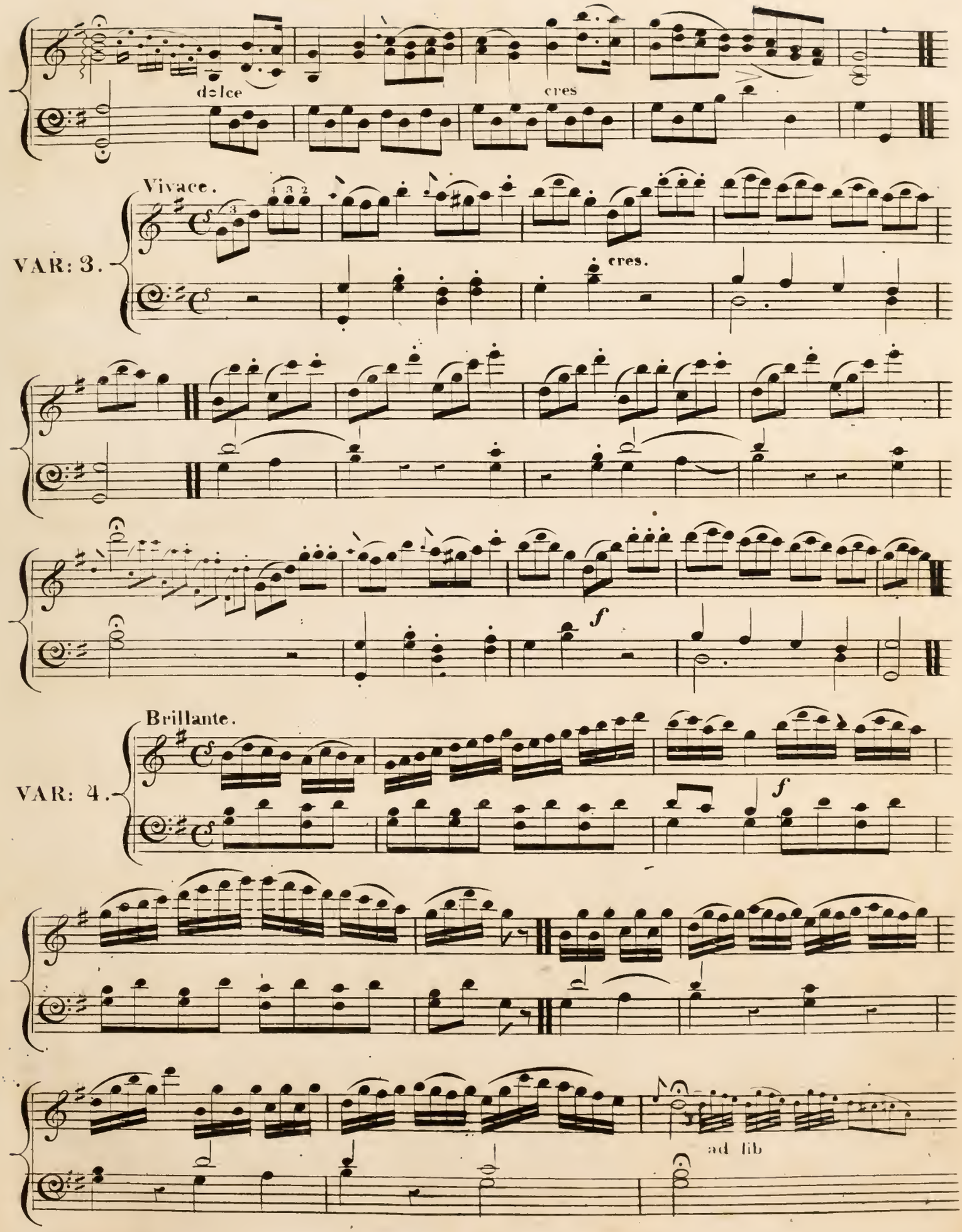
FERDINAND LAUTER

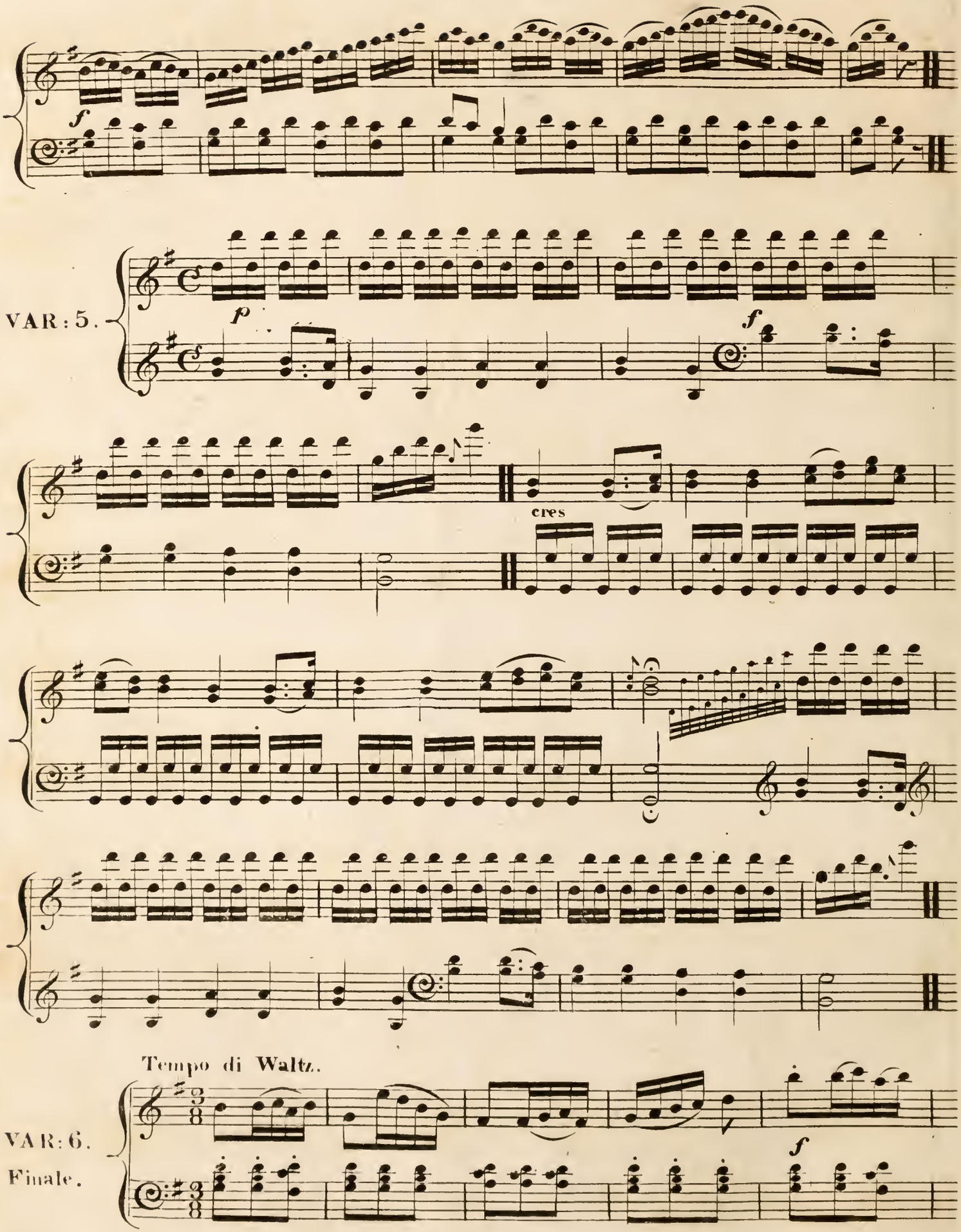
BALTIMORE PUBLISHED BY G WILLIG

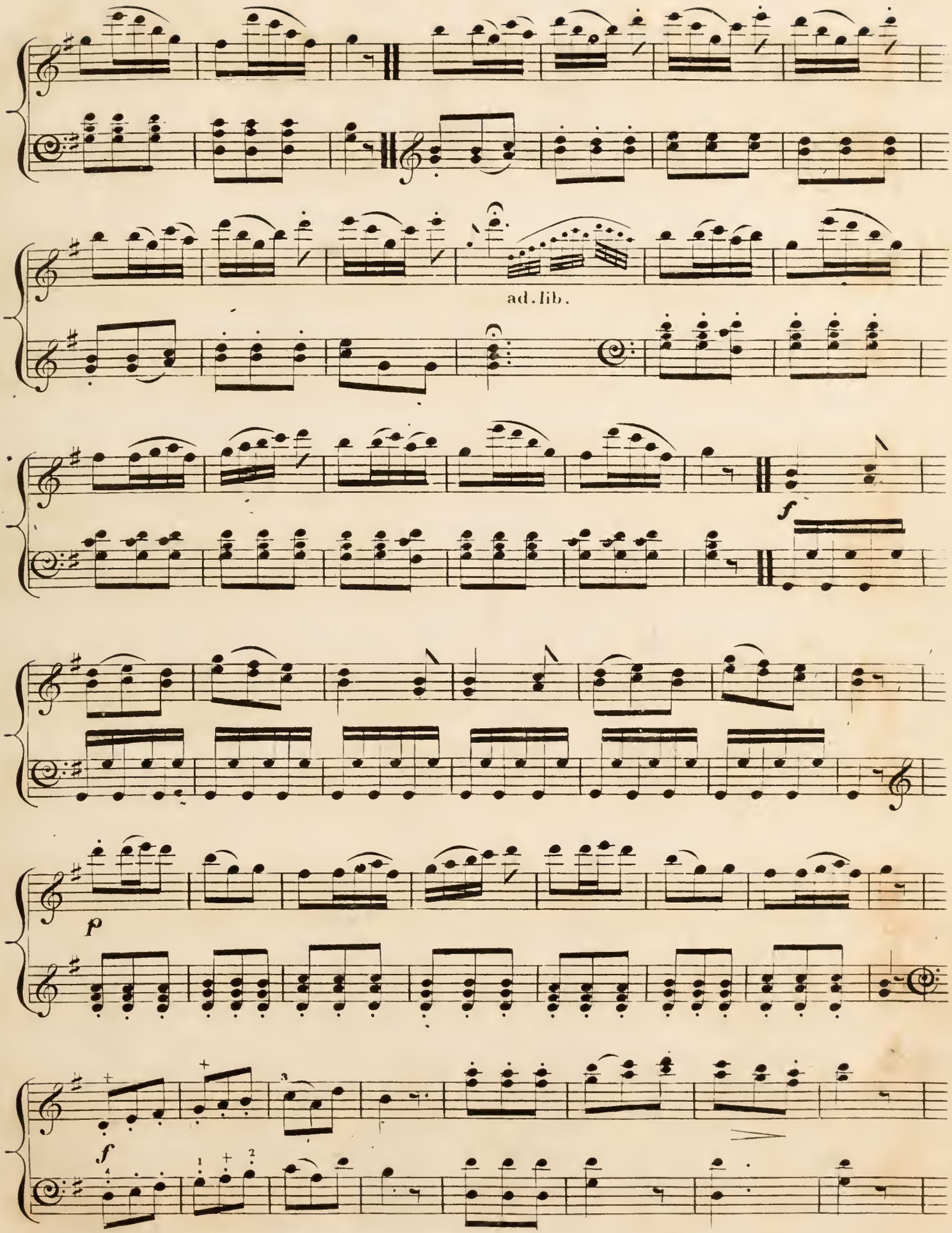
Entered according to act of Congress the 22d day of May 1826 by G. Willig of the state of Maryland.

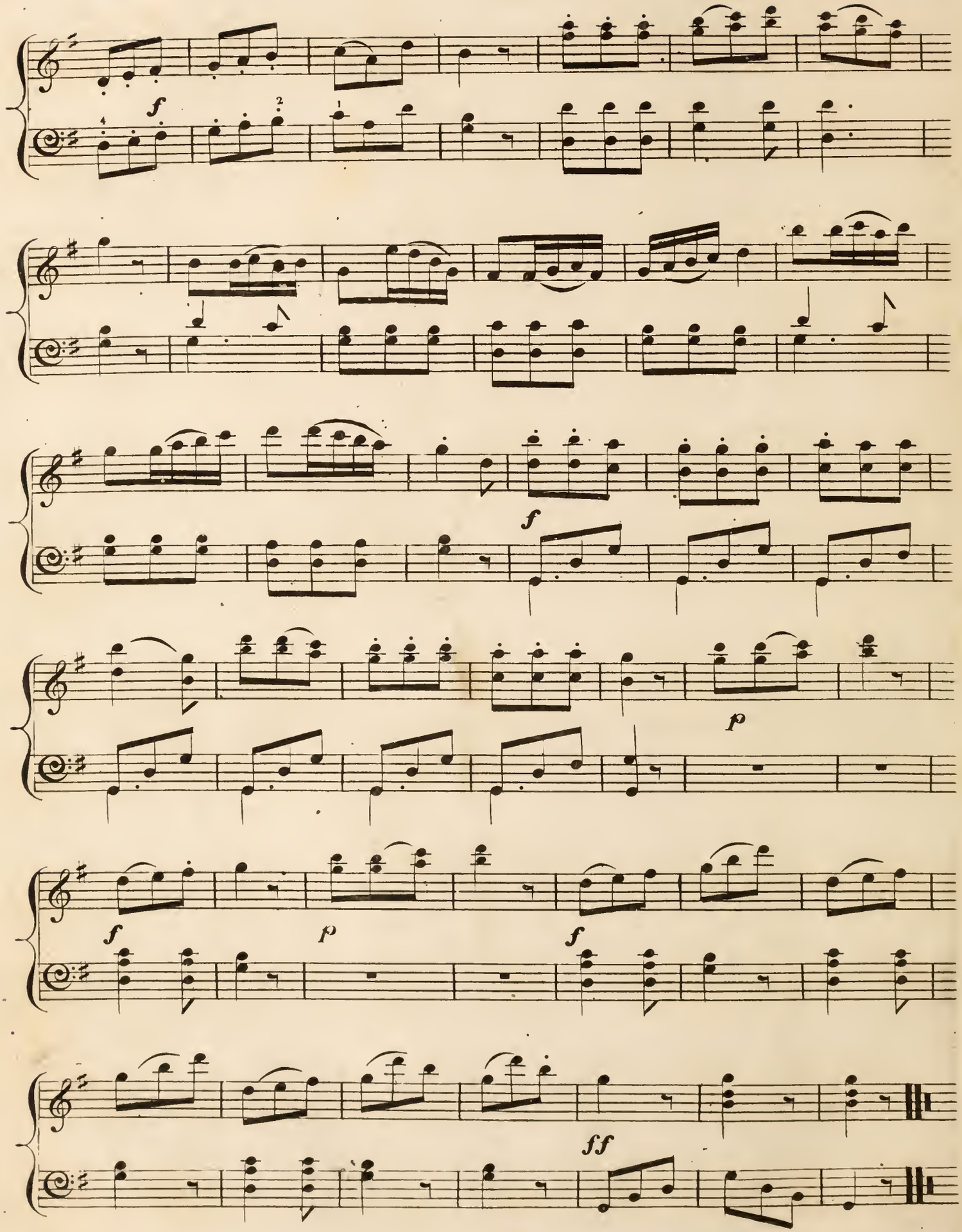



Piu Moto
VAR 1.
p
cres
ad. lib.
retard.
VAR 2.
cres


dolce
cres
Vivace.
VAR: 3.
cres.
f
Brillante.
VAR: 4.
f
ad lib


f
VAR: 5.
p
f
cres
Tempo di Waltz.
VAR: 6.
Finale.
f


ad. lib.
f
p
f


f
f
p
f
p
f
ff

An Original Greek Air.

Lord Byron.

Copy Right.

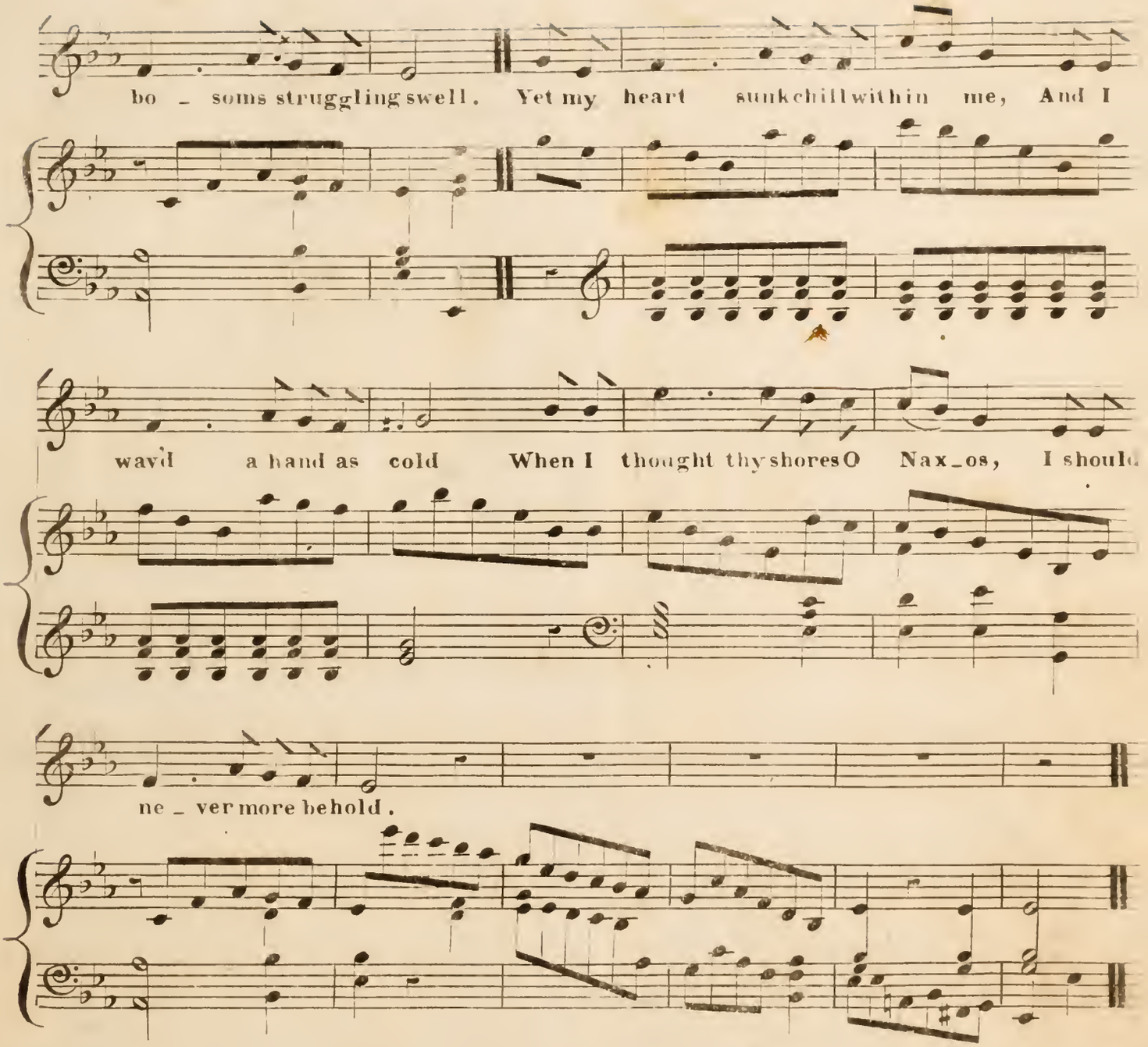
BOSTON, Published by JAMES L. HEWITT & Co. at their Music Saloon No. 36 Market St.
Sold by J. B. HEWITT, No. 128 Broadway NEW YORK.

ANDANTE.

PIANO FORTE.

When I left thy shores O Naxos, Not a

tear in sorrow fell. Not a sigh or falter'd ac - cent Spoke my



2

Still the blue wave danced around us,
'Mid the sunbeam's jocund smile;
Still the air breathed balmy summer,
Wafted from that happy Isle.
When some hand the strain awaking
Of my home and native shore,
Then twas first I wept, O Naxos,
That I neer should see thee more.

From the Third London Edition

THE LIGHT GUITAR,

A Celebrated Serenade:

Written by

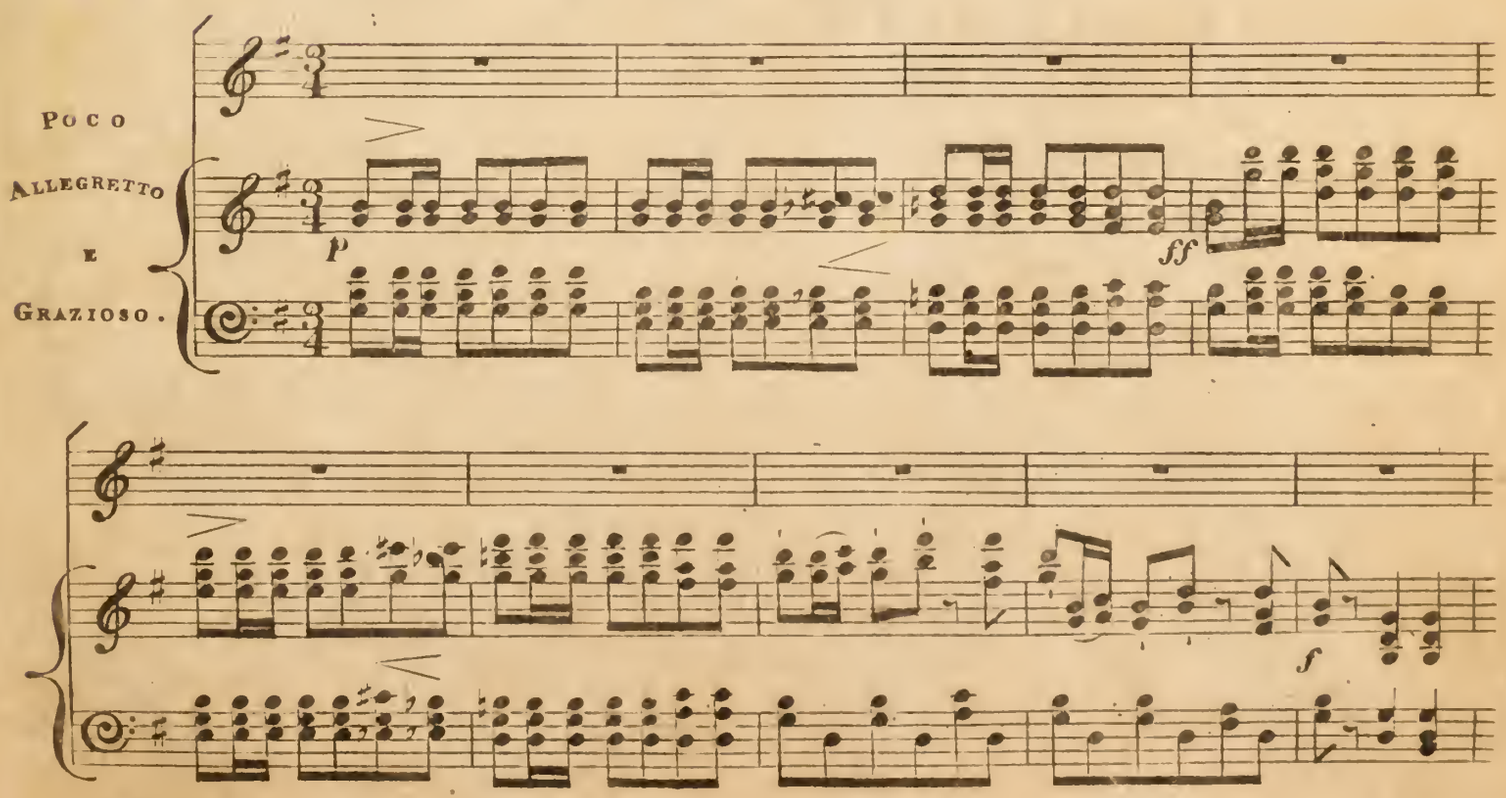
H. S. VANDYKE ESQ^R.

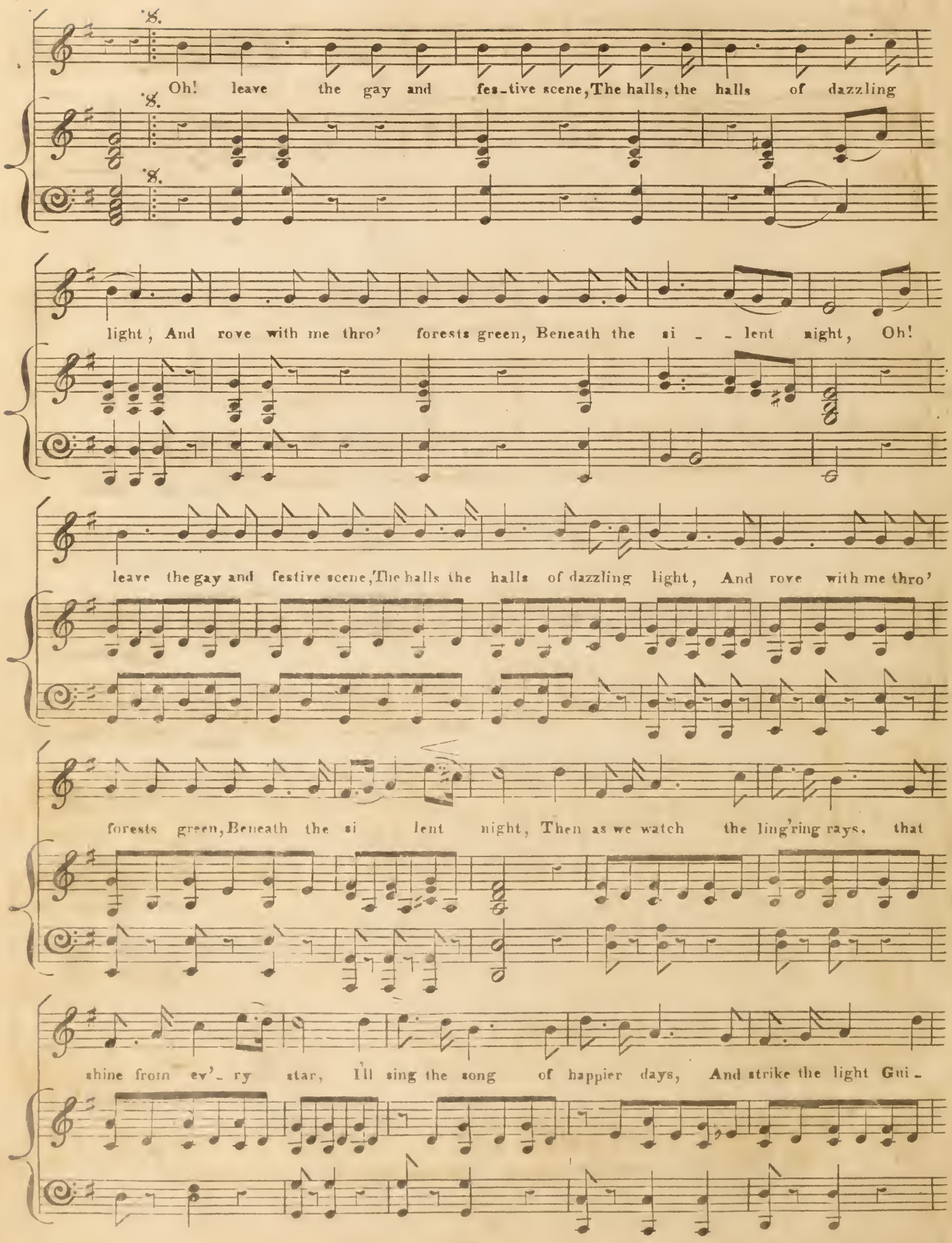
Composed by

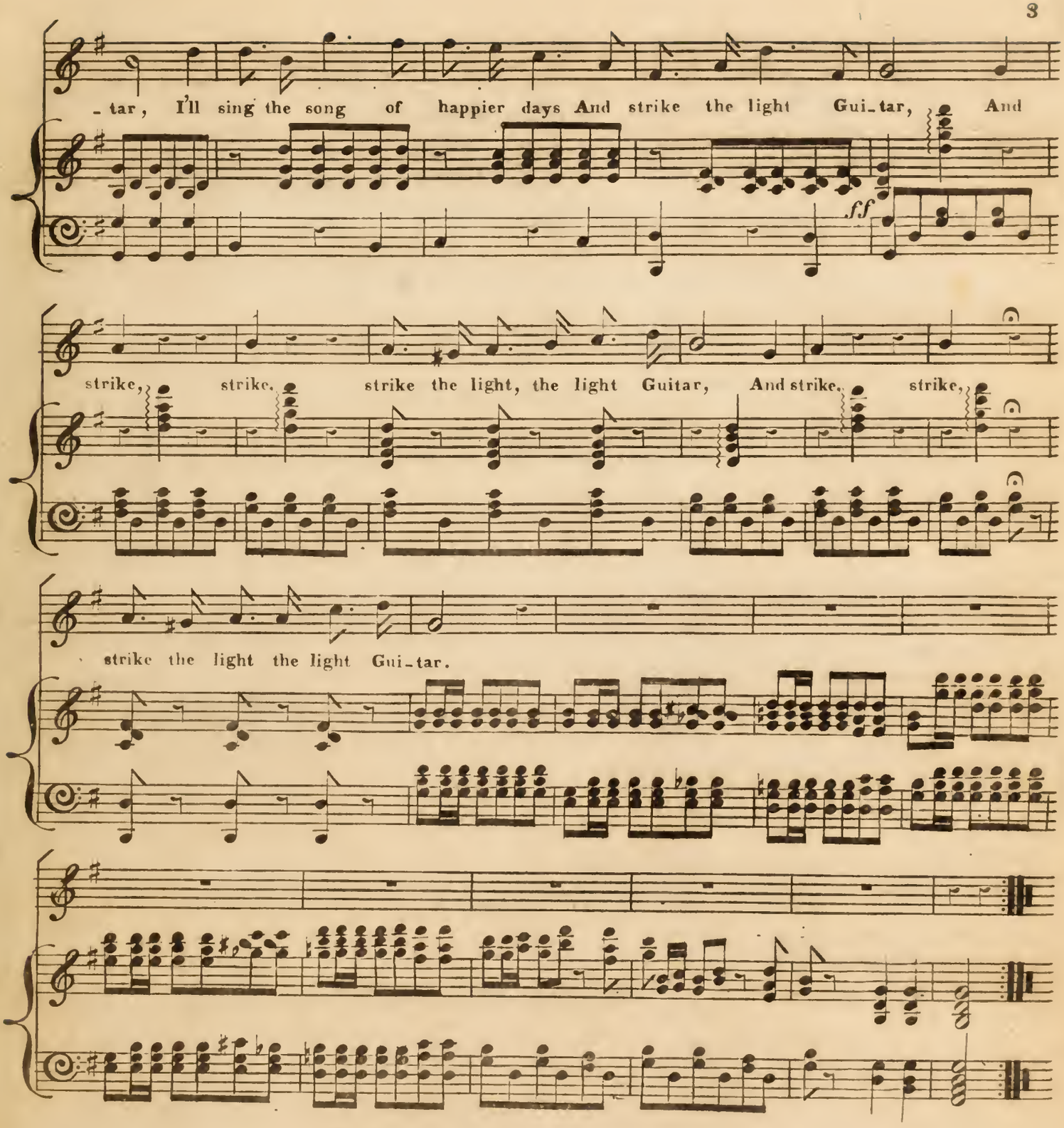
JOHN BARNETT.

Author of "not a Drum was heard".

Baltimore Published by John Cole.




Oh! leave the gay and fes-tive scene, The halls, the halls of dazzling
light, And rove with me thro' forests green, Beneath the si - - lent night, Oh!
leave the gay and festive scene, The halls the halls of dazzling light, And rove with me thro'
forests green, Beneath the si lent night, Then as we watch the ling'ring rays, that
shine from ev'- ry star, I'll sing the song of happier days, And strike the light Gui-



I'll tell thee how the maiden wept
When her true Knight was slain;
And how her broken spirit slept
And never woke again;-
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh
And left his lord afar;
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light Guitar.
I'll sing the song &c &c.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT,

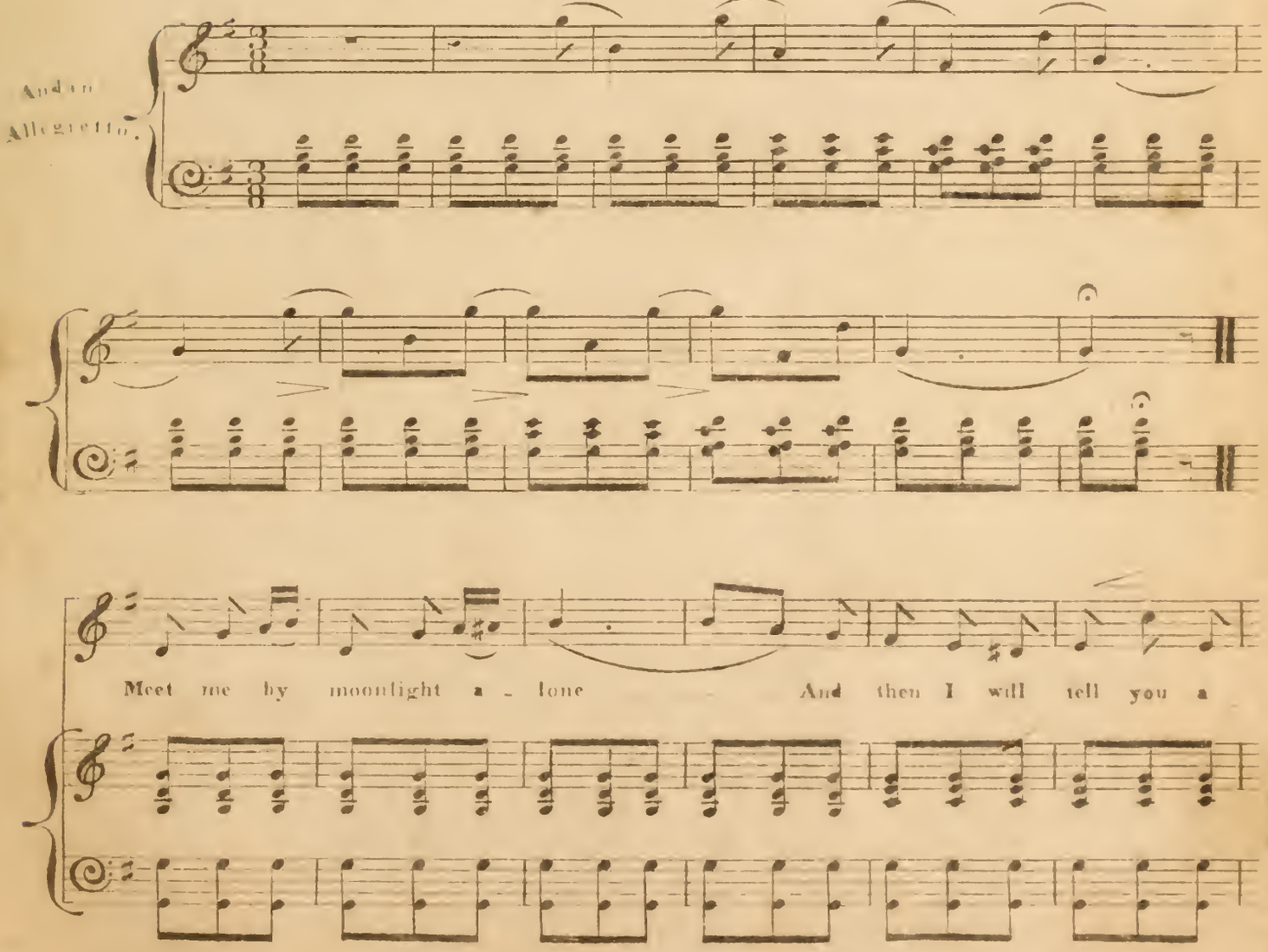
A Ballad.

Written and Composed

BY

J. AUGUSTINE WADE ESQ.^re

Published by John Cole Baltimore.



tale ..... Must be told by the moon_light a _ _ lone .....

..... In the grove at the end of the vale ..... You must promise to

come for I said ..... I would shew the night-flowers their Queen .....

p

..... Nay turn not a _ way thy sweet head ..... 'Tis the

lov - li - est e - ver was seen ..... Oh! meet me by moonlight a -

lone ..... meet me by moonlight a lone .....

p

2

Day-light may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me,
Oh! remember be sure to be there
For tho' dearly a moonlight I prize
I care not for all in the air
If I want the sweet light of your eyes
So meet me by moonlight alone
Meet me by moonlight alone.

Presented Miss Mary E Reynolds
by a friend

And has she then fail'd in her truth, The beautiful maid I adore!

Composed by

Henry R. Bishop.

Phildelphia,
Published by G. E. Blake, at his Piano Forte and Music store No. 13 so. 5th street.

Andantino
Con Moto.

p

f

Azor.

And has she then fail'd in her truth, The beautiful maid I a___dore! Shall I

p

never again hear her voice, Nor see her lov'd forma_ny more, _____ No, no, no I shall

slentando.

slentando. *pp*

never see her more, No, no, no I shall never see her more, No, no, no I shall never, never,

f *p* colla voce.

ad lib.

Fine.

see her more, Ah! Se_li_ma cruel you prove, Yet

f Fine. *p*

mf

sure my hard lot you'll be_wail; I could not presume you wou'd love, Yet pity I hop'd wou'd pre_

_vail, Yet pity pity pity I _____ hop'd I hop'd wou'd pre_vail. And

ad lib.

D.C. 8. al fine.

cres: *mf* e poi Segue.

since hatred alone I in___spire, Life henceforth is not worth my care, Death

mf *p*

now is my on__ly de___sire, I give myself up to des_____pair. And

ad lib.

D.C. 8. al fine.

The beautiful maid I adore.

Mary E. Reynolds

LOVE HAS EYES!

A Ballad

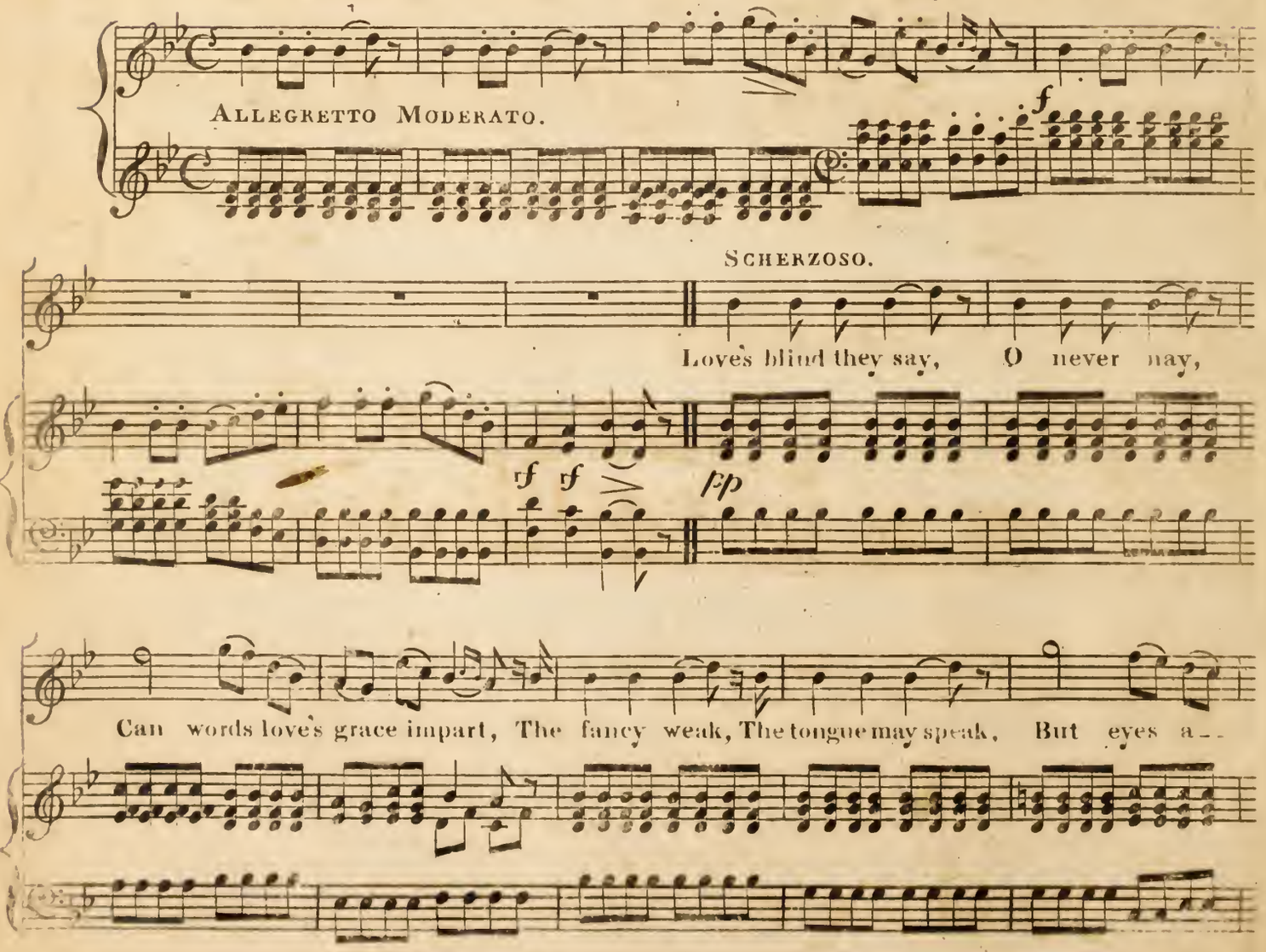
In the Comic Opera of the

Farmer's Wife

COMPOSED BY

H. R. BISHOP.

PHILADELPHIA, Published by G. E. Blake No. 13 South 5th Street.



dolce

_lone the heart. In one soft look what language lies, O yes, be_lieve me love has

ad lib:

eyes! O love has eyes _____ love has eyes, O love has eyes, O yes believe me

pp

cres

f

love has eyes, O yes believe me, O yes believe me, O yes believe me love has

cres

eyes _____

f

2.

Love's wing'd, they cry,
O never — I
No pinions have to soar,
Deceivers rove,
But never love,
Attach'd he roves no more!
Can he have wings who never flies!
And yes, believe me, Love has eyes,
O Love has eyes!

Those soothing thoughts of Heaven and
of Christ

Soft as yon silver ray that sleeps,

Sung with great applause by

Mr. WEBSTER,

at

Mr. Gillingham's Concert.

The Poetry from "the Mysteries of Udolpho."

Composed by

JOHN BRAY.

Philadelphia. Published by G. E. Blake No. 1 South 3d St.

ANDANTE

Soft as yon silver ray that sleeps up-on the o---cean's

Pia.

trembling tide, Soft as the air that light-ly sweeps, Yon

For. Pia.

ad lib.

Sail that swells, that swells in stately pride Soft as the surg - - es

expressivo

cadenza

stealing note that dies a - - long the dis - tant shores or warble'd

strain that sinks re - mote So soft the sigh, the sigh my bosom

powrs.

For.

dim -

Pia.

True, as the wave to Cynthia's ray,
True as the vessel to the breeze,
True as the Soul to Music's sway,
Or Music to Venetian seas;

Soft as you silver beams that sleep,
Upon the Ocean's trembling breast,
So soft so true fond love shall weep,
So soft so true with thee shall rest.

Curly Locks,

With

VARIATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Published by G. E. Blake.

Allegretto.

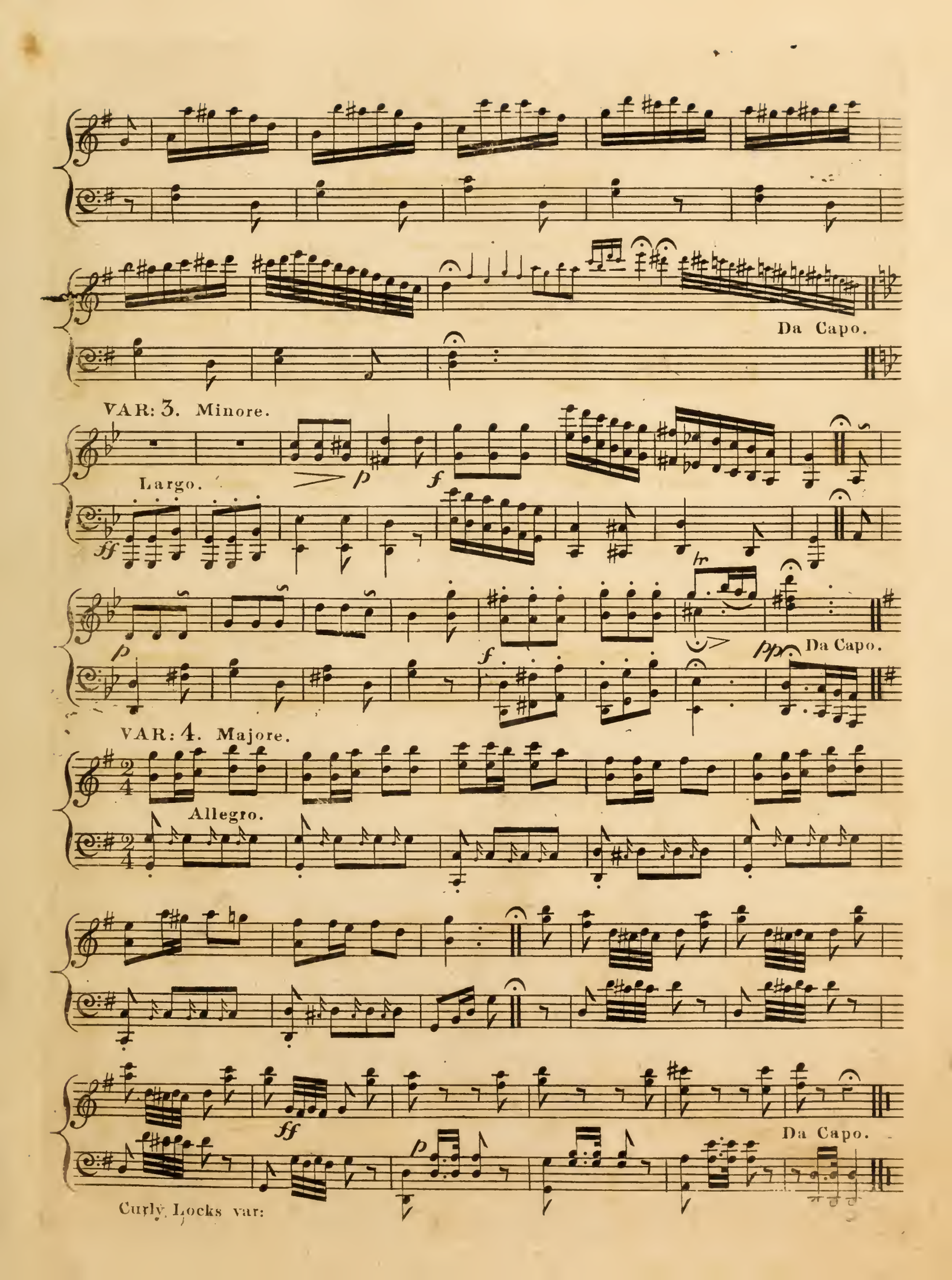
Da Capo.

VAR: 1.

Da Capo.

VAR: 2.

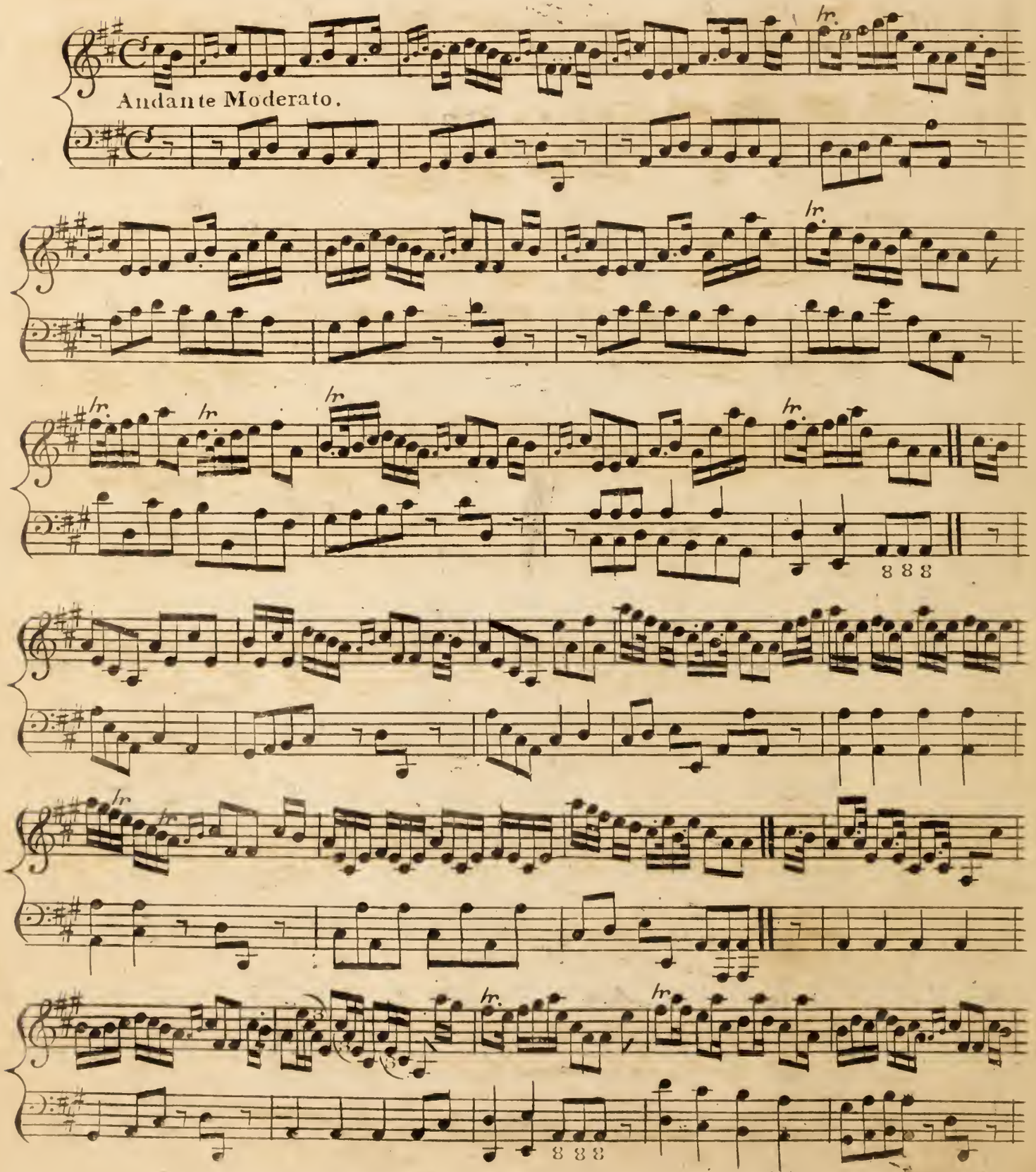
Curly Locks var:

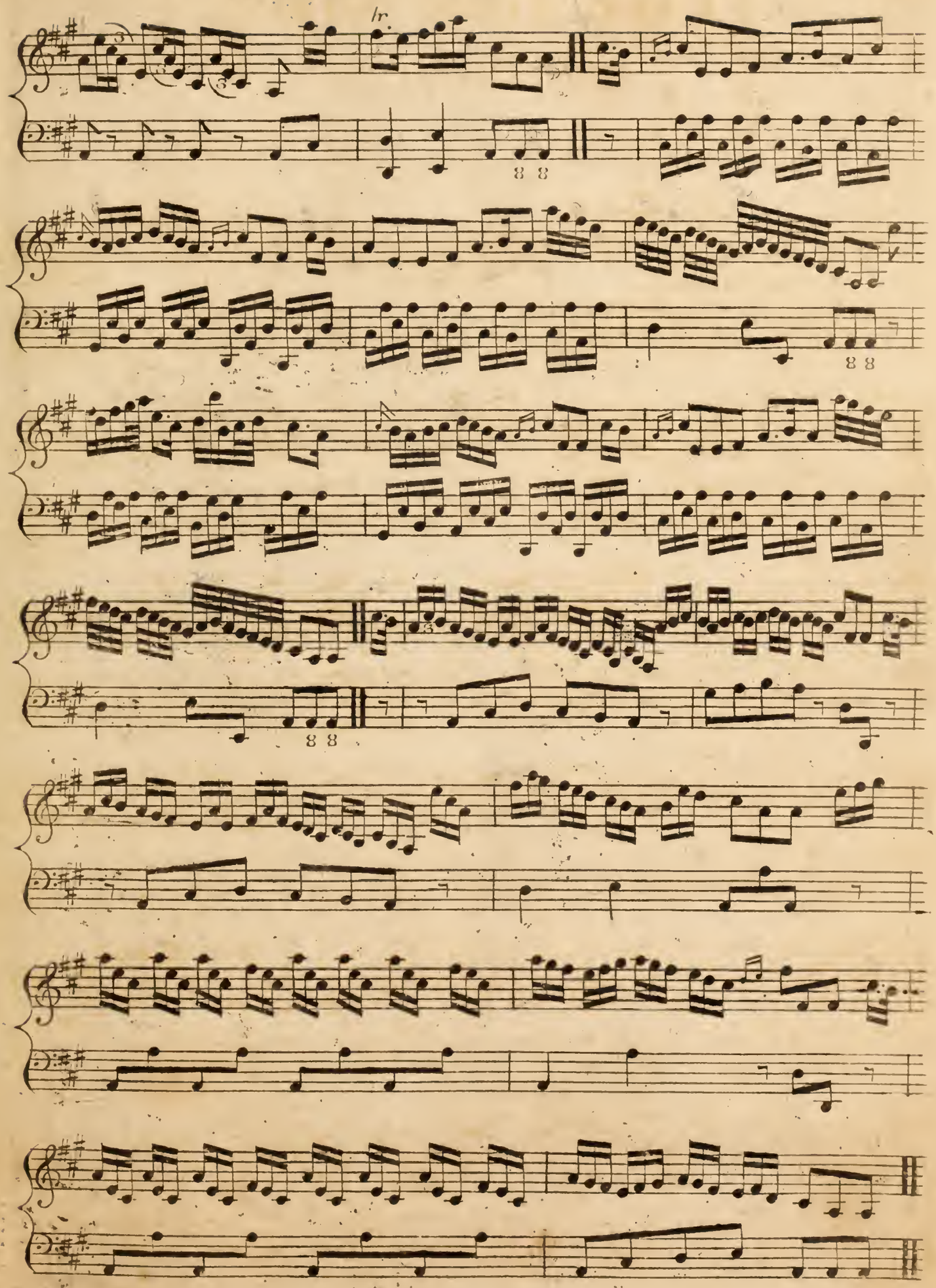

Da Capo.
VAR: 3. Minore.
Largo.
p
f
ff
p
f
pp
Da Capo.
VAR: 4. Majore.
Allegro.
ff
p
Da Capo.
Curly Locks var:

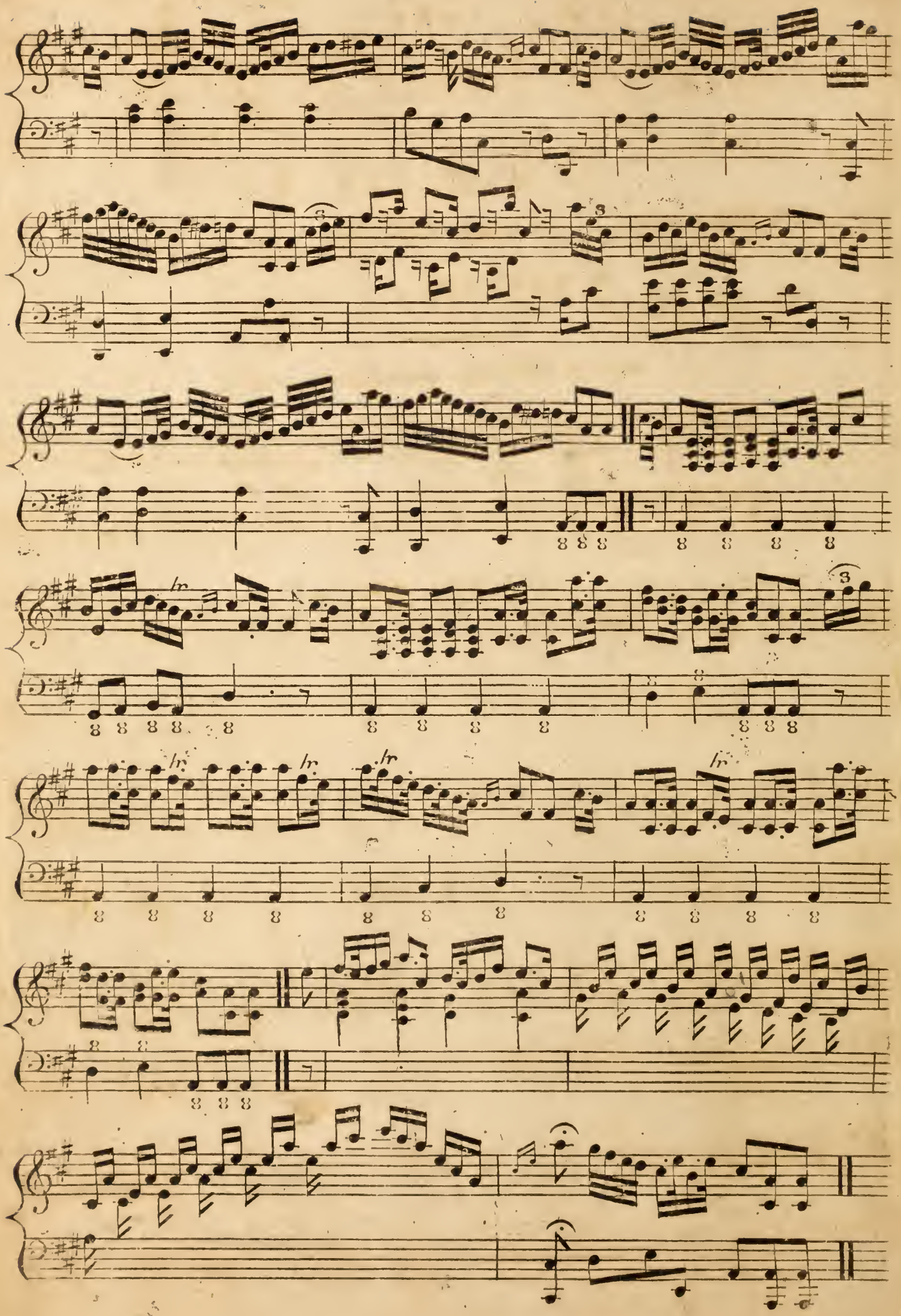
THE LEE RIGG,

with Variations.

Philadelphia published by G. E. Blake.




lr
8 8
8 8
8 8


tr
tr
tr
tr
tr

THE Celebrated Dance in TEKELI,

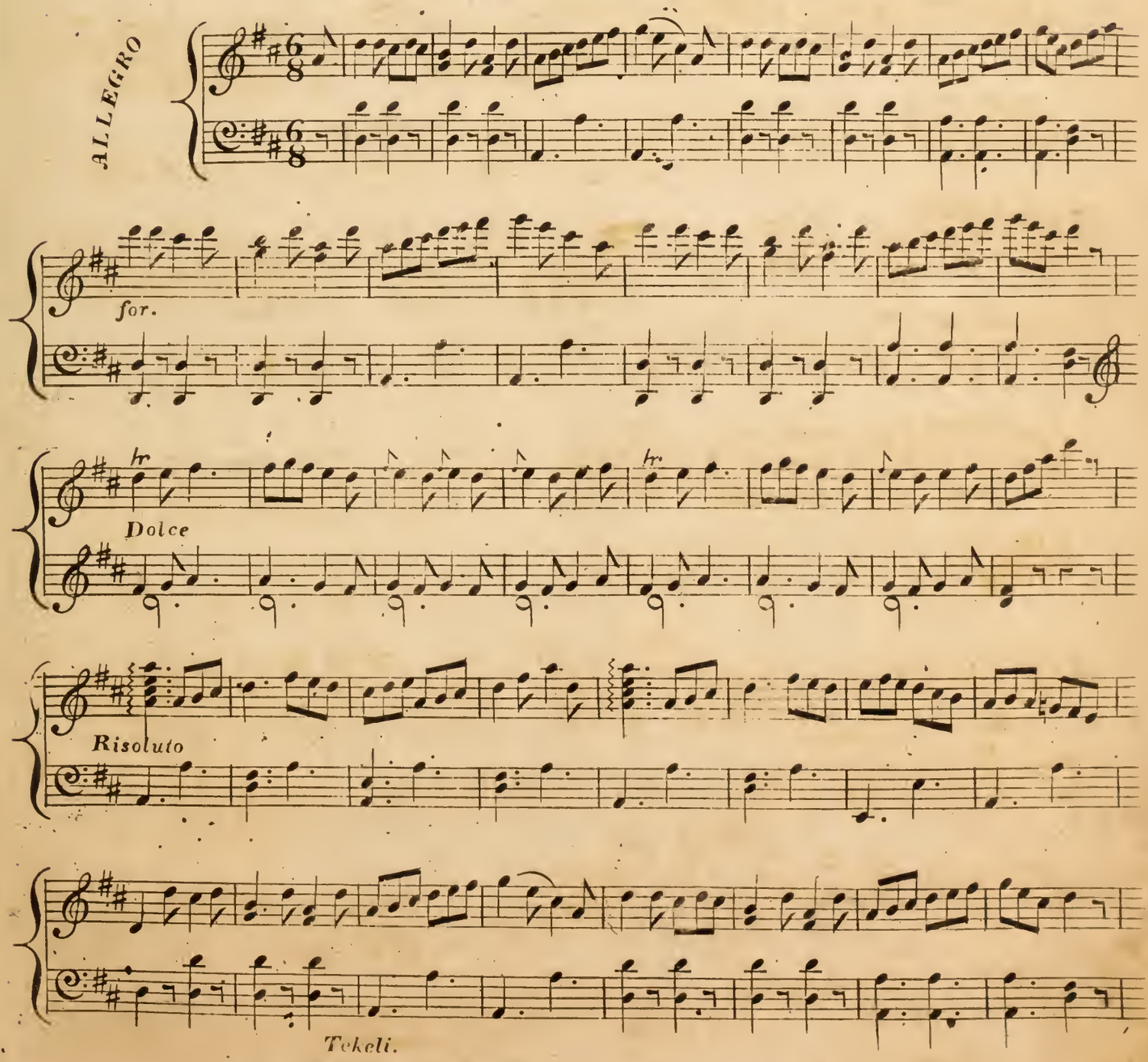
Arranged as a RONDO for the Piano Forte by

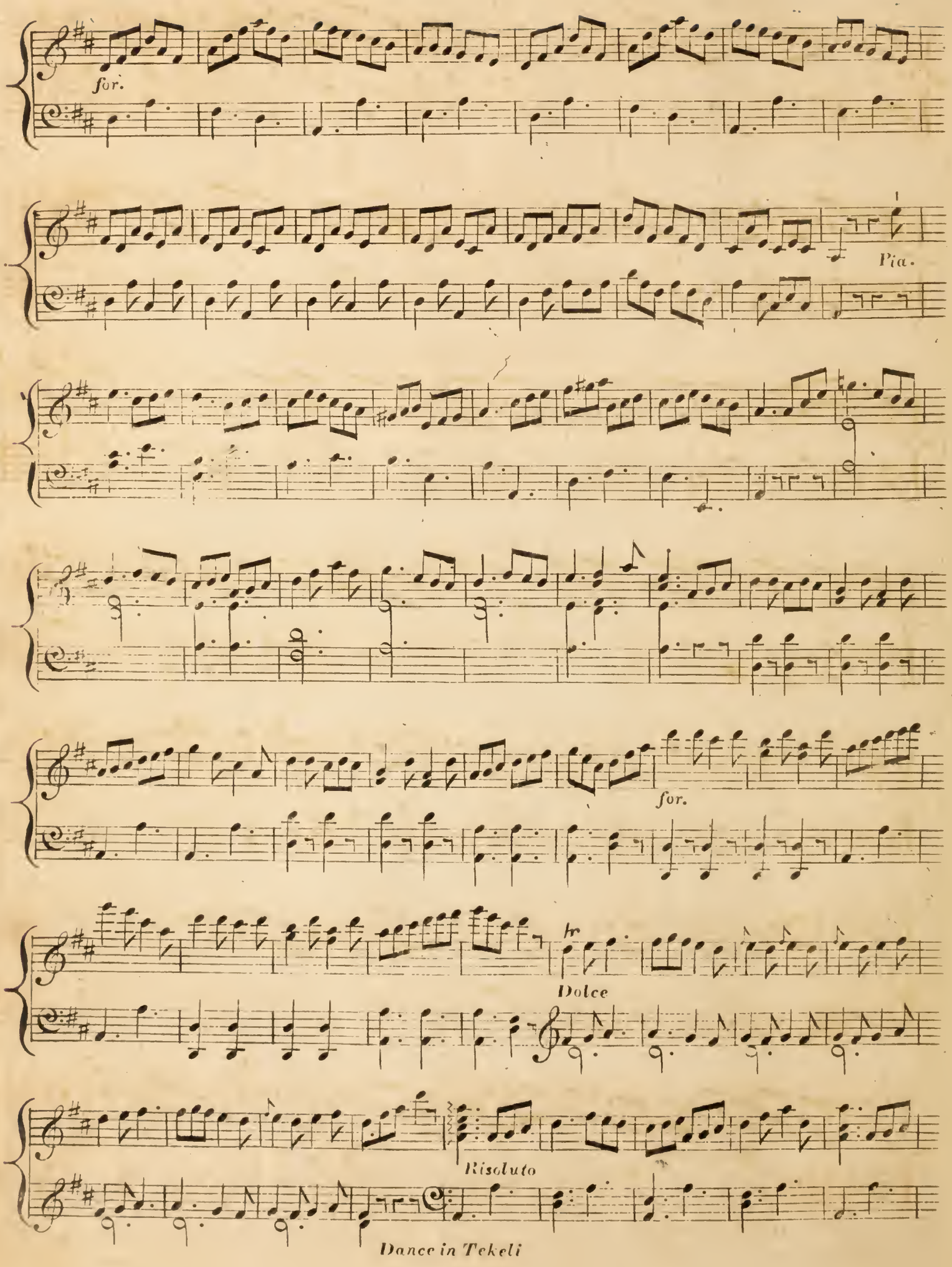
Second Edition.

Mr. HOLST.

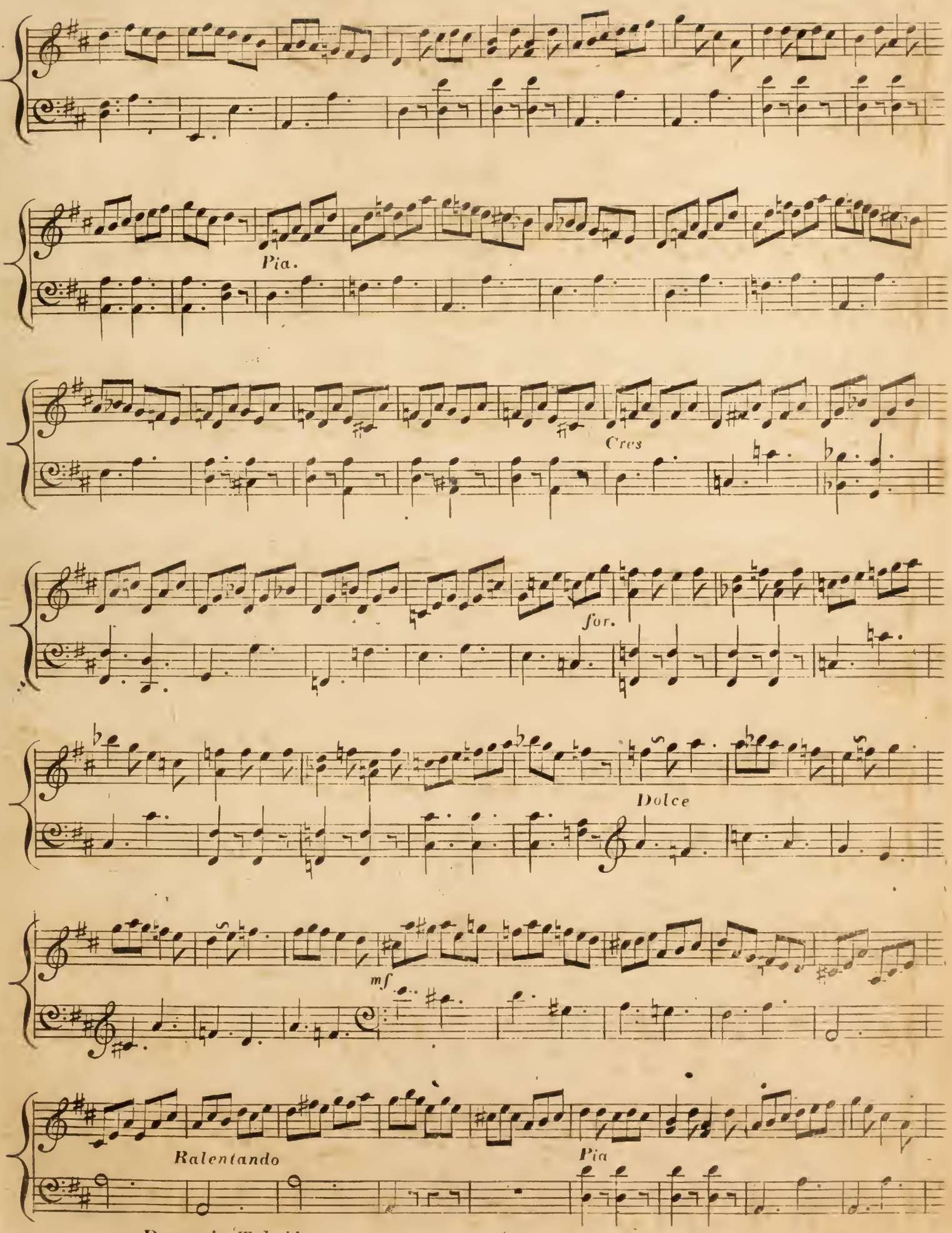
Pr. 38 cents.

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. Blake.

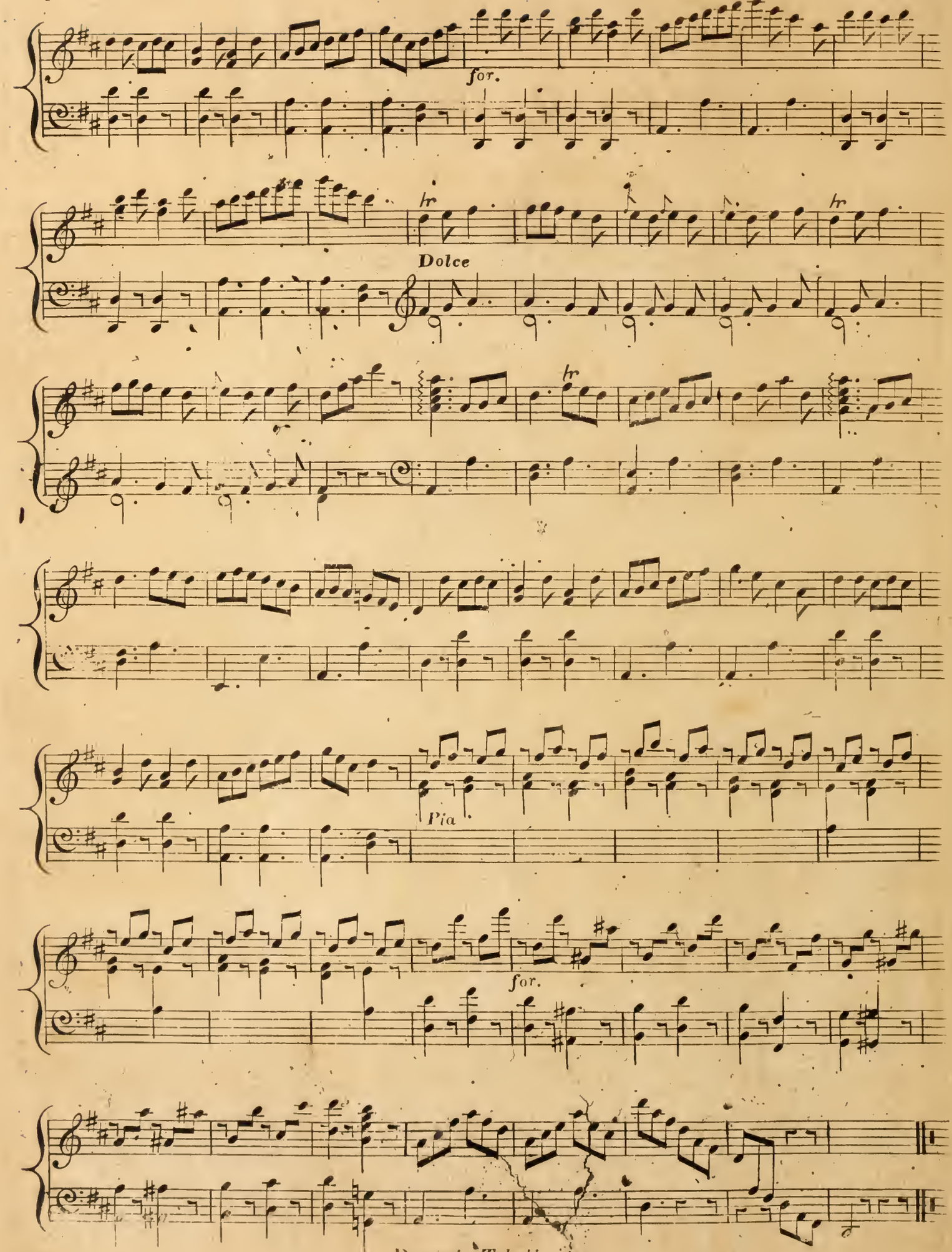




Dance in Tekeli



Dance in Tekeli.



Dance in Tekeli

The Lavender Girl

or

MORGIANA IN IRELAND

arranged as a

Rondo

for the

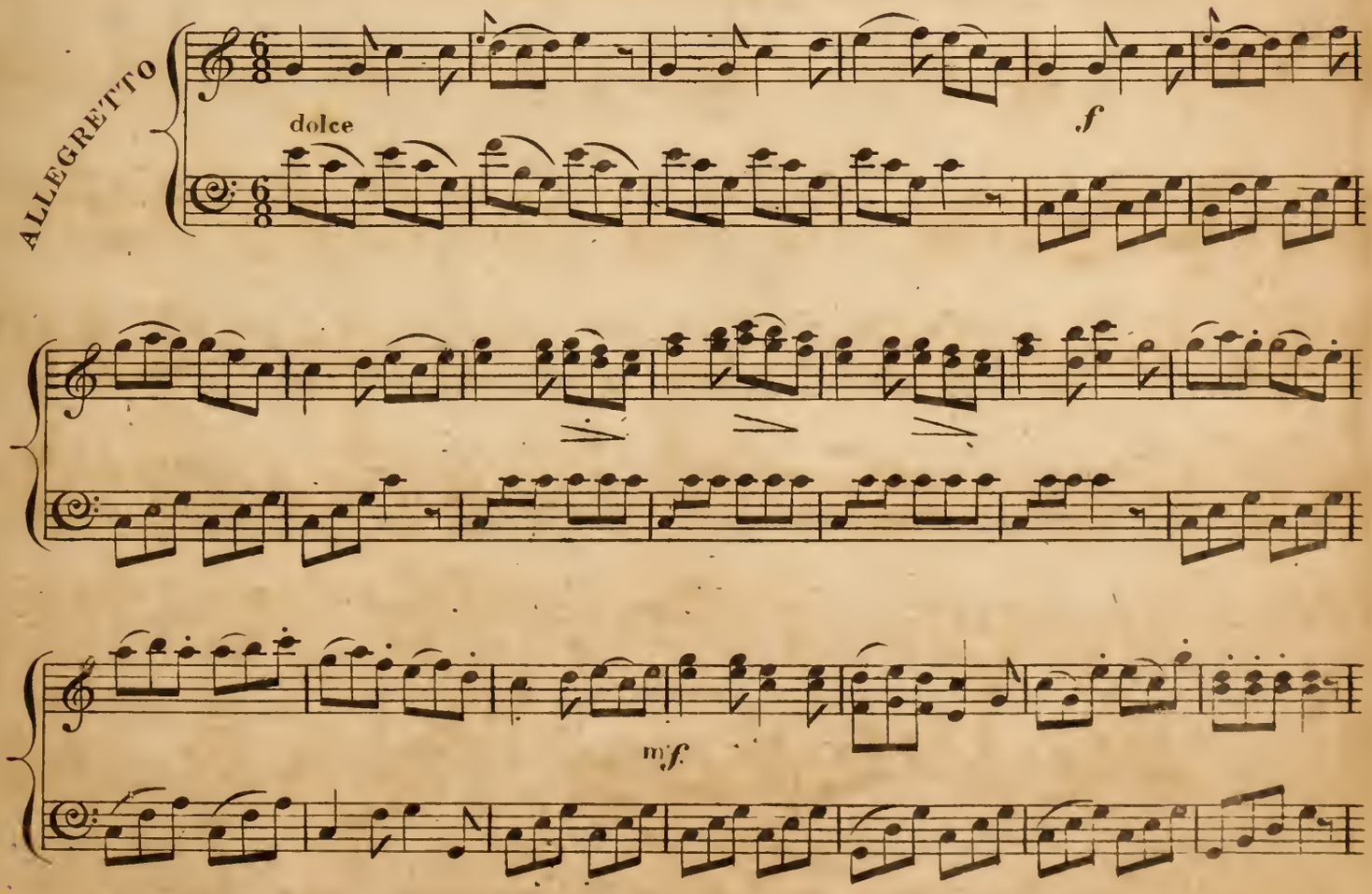
PIANO FORTE

BY

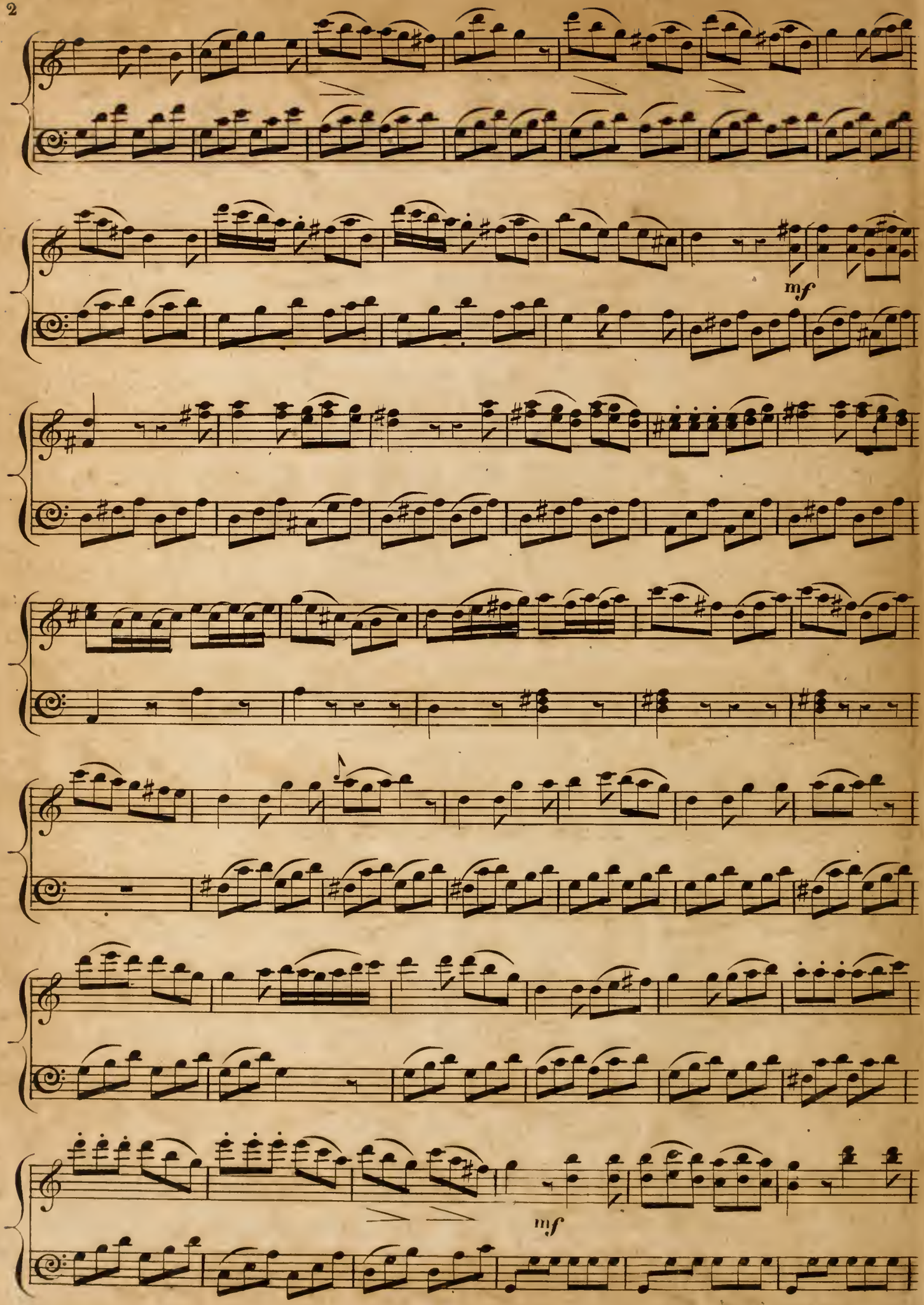
C. MEINEKE.

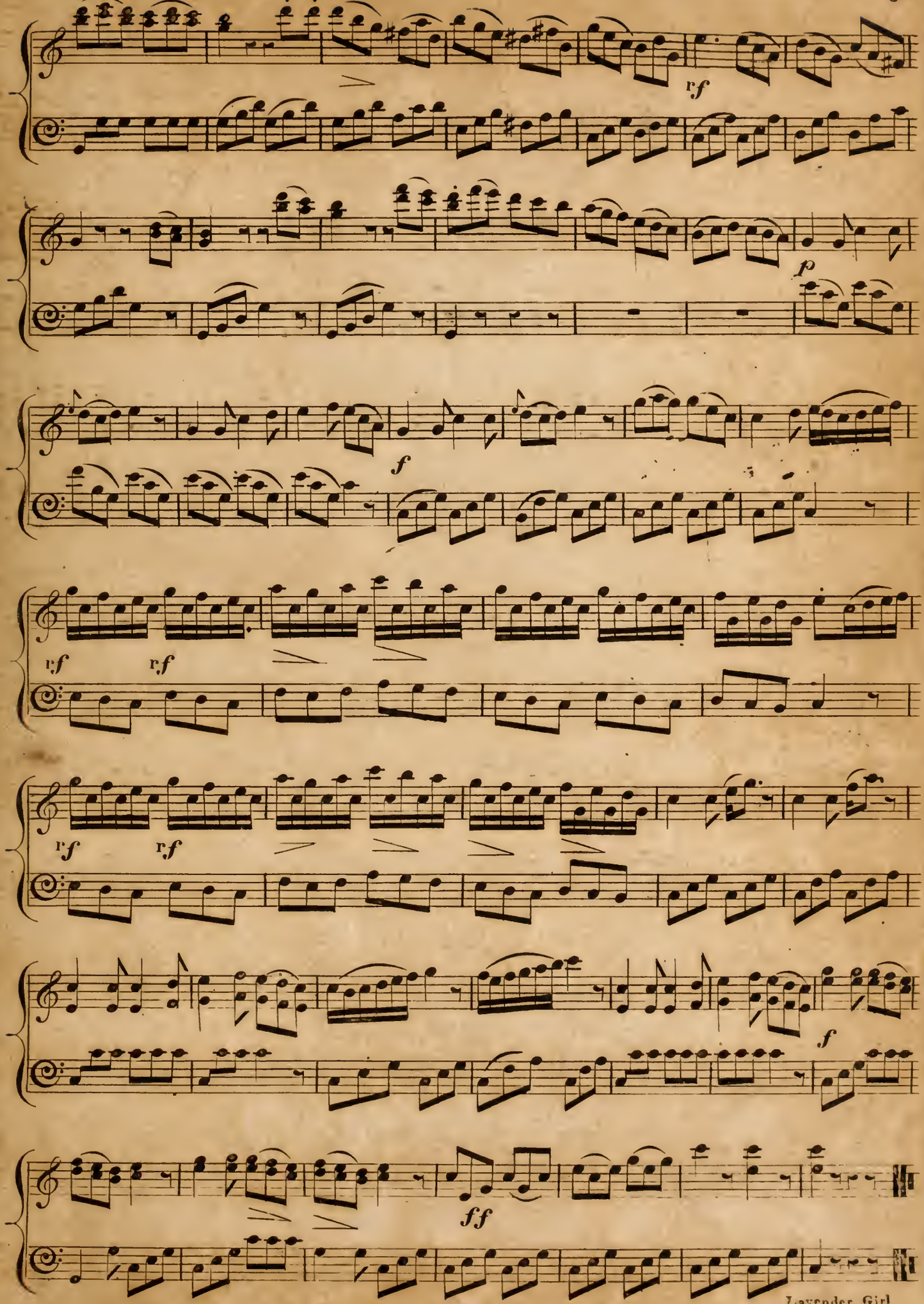
BALTIMORE

Published and Sold by G. Willig No. 71. Market Street.



Expressly arranged for Willig's Musical Miscellany No 6. Copy right secured.


mf
mf


rf
p
f
rf
rf
rf
rf
f
ff

Three Waltzes

for the

PIANO FORTE

in imitation of a

Musical Snuff Box,

Composed by

A. T. Mc DONALD.

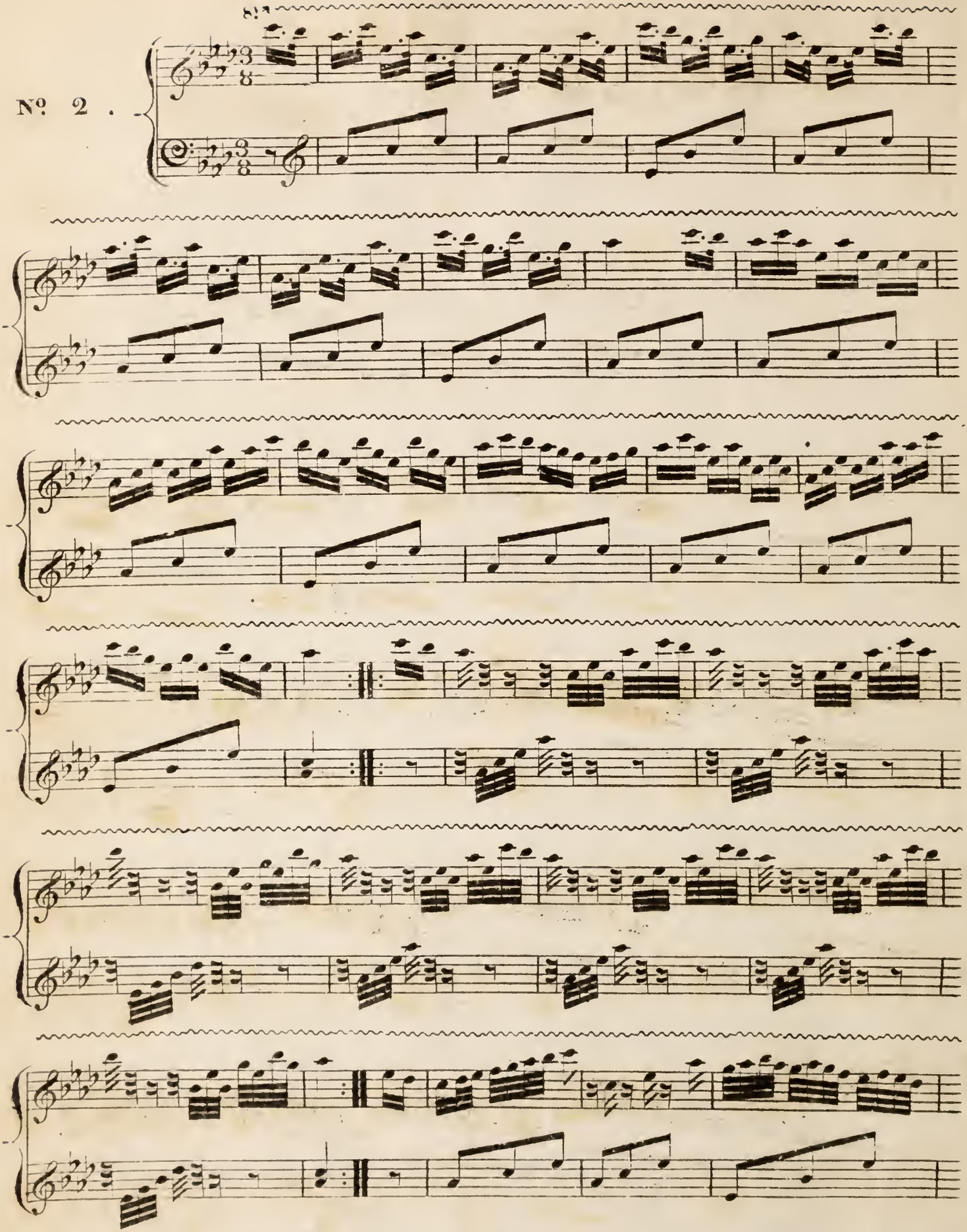
BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG Jr.

No. 1.

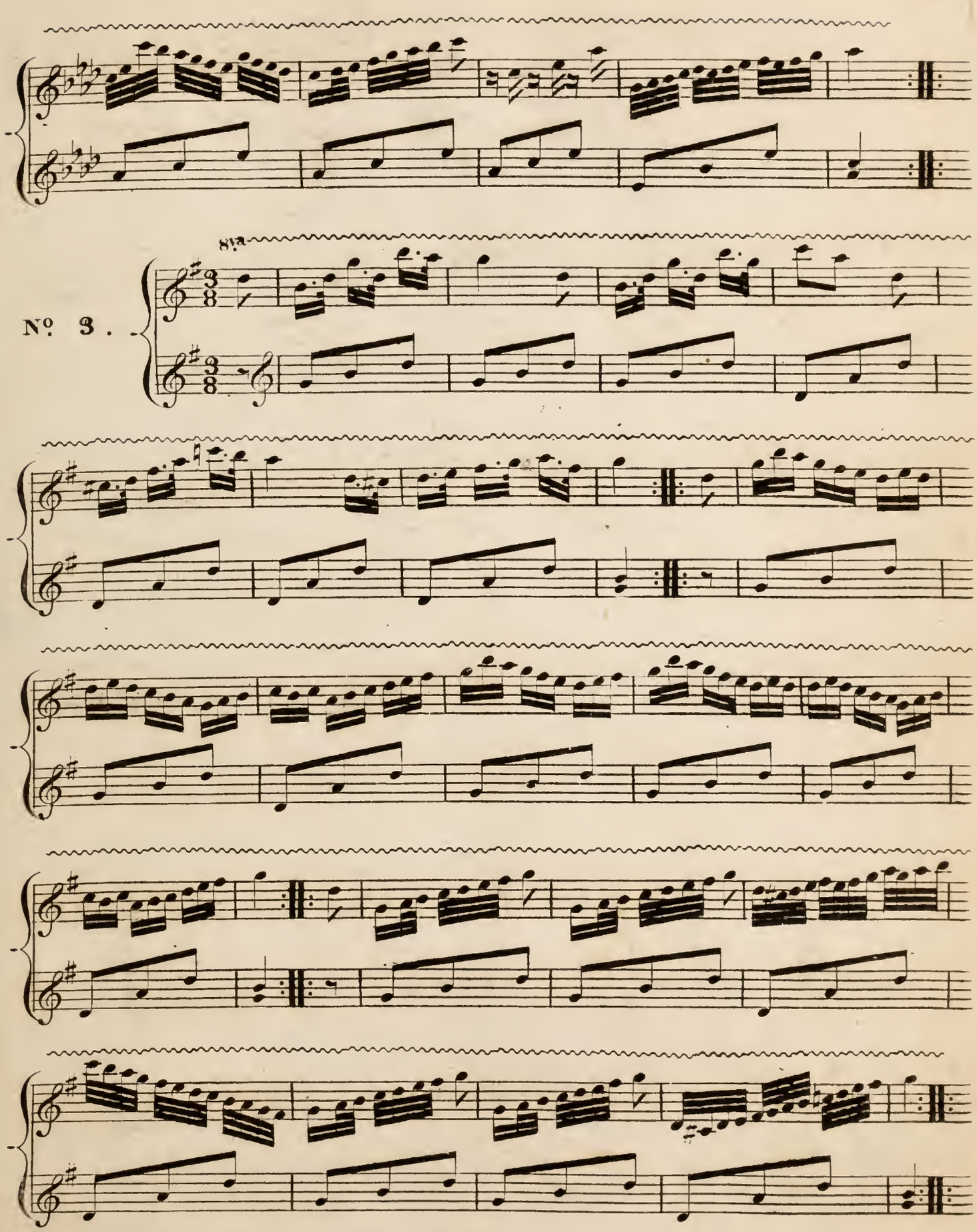
8va

fine.

D.C.



"Musical snuff box waltzes"



NB. To give the intended effect to these Waltzes, the Pedal should be used throughout each, and the leaf of the Instrument closed. On Grand Piano Fortes both Pedals should be used.

Tyrolesian Air,

with Variations

for the

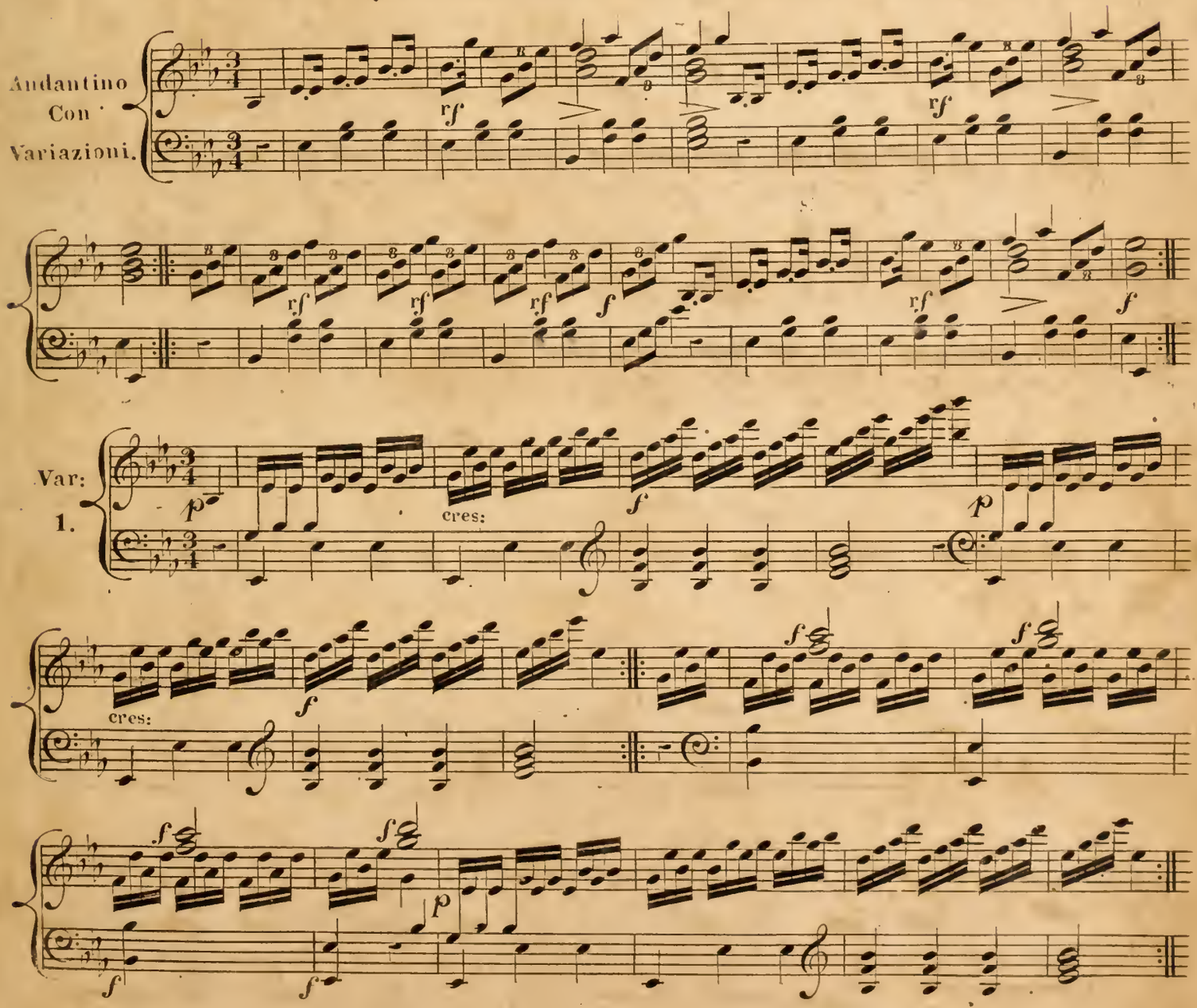
Piano Forte or Harp,

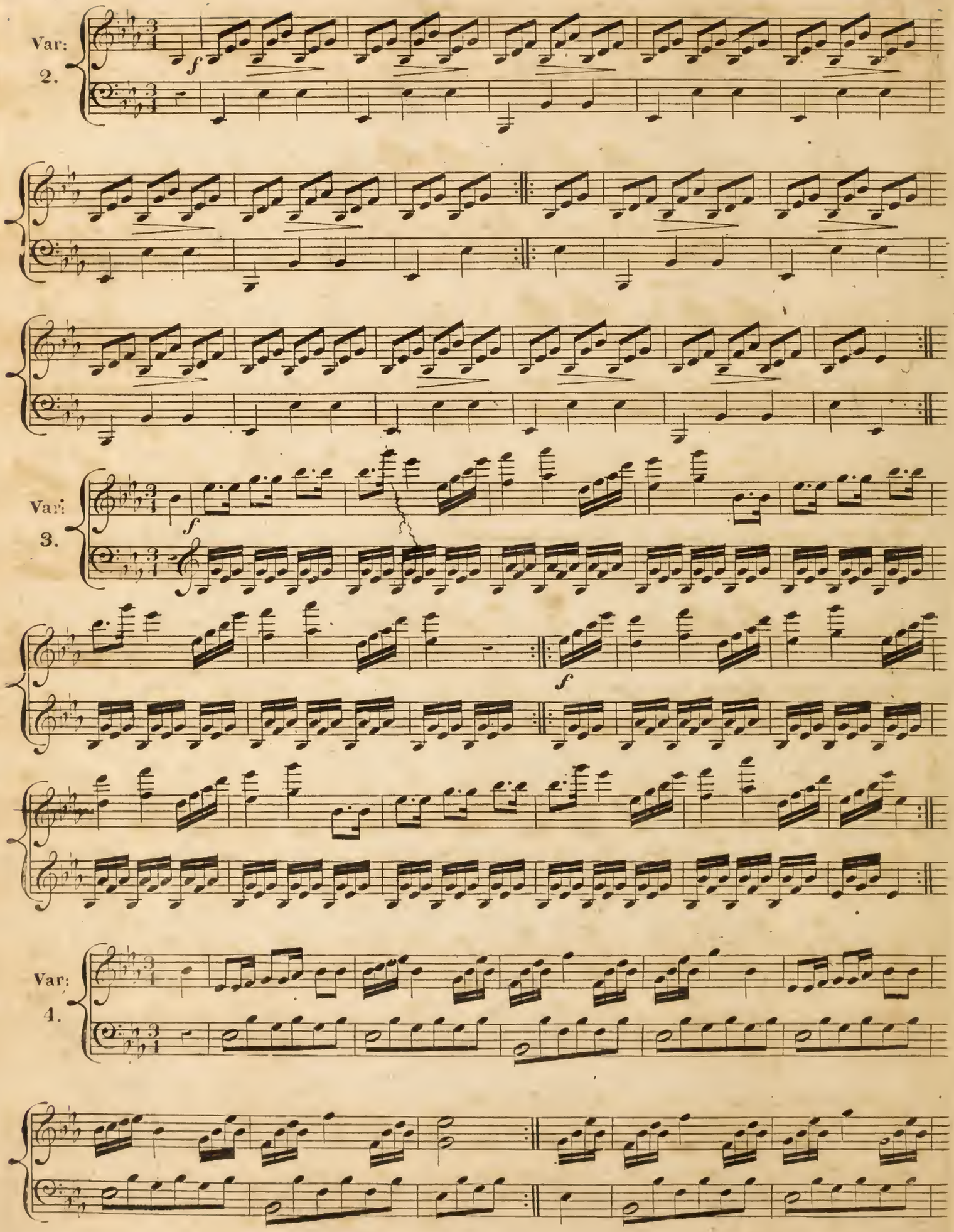
BY

F. J. NADERMAN.

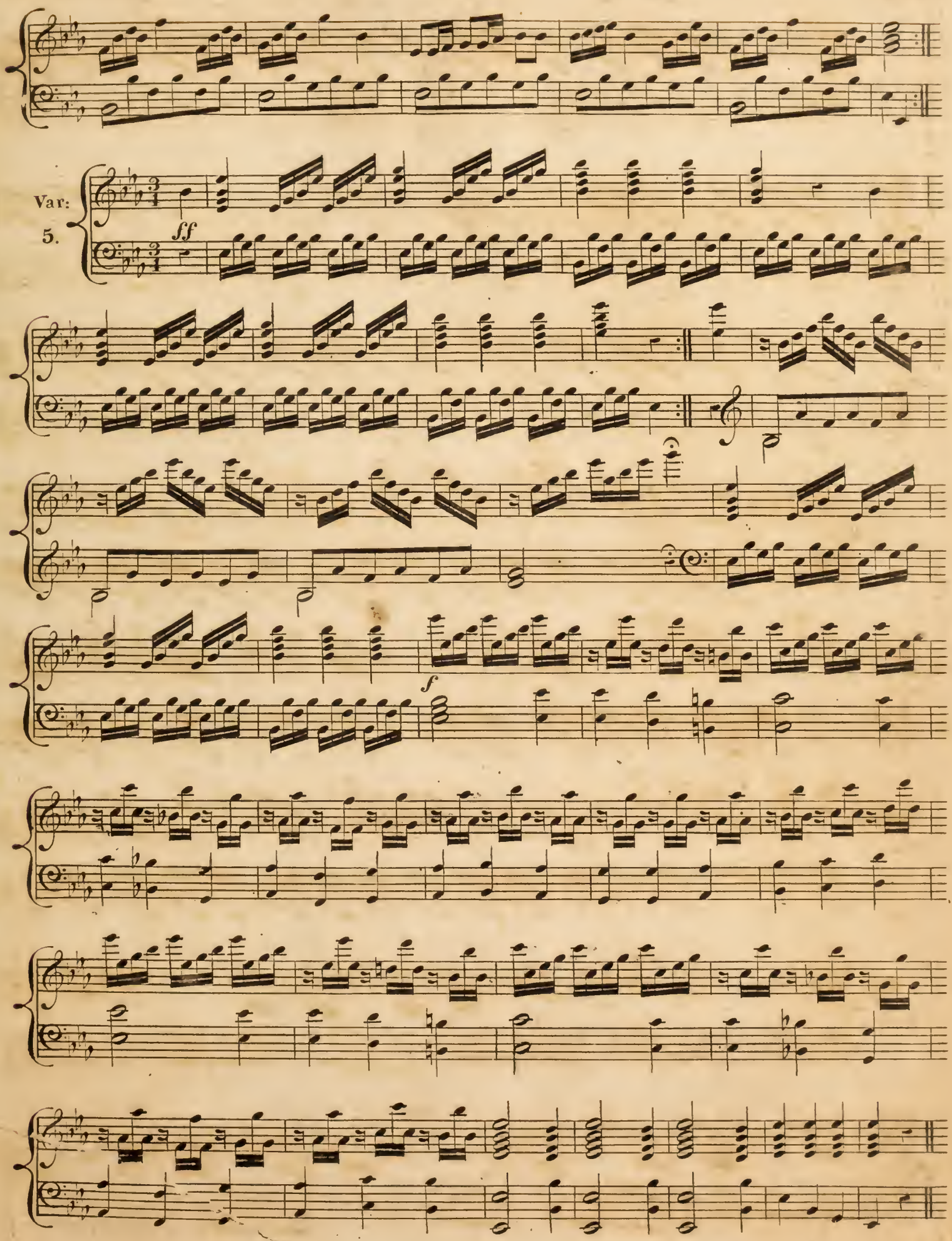
Pr. 25 cts.

PHILADELPHIA,
Published by G. E. Blake at his Music store No 13 south 5th street.





Tyrolesian Air. Naderman.



Tyrolesian Air. Naderman.

Away with Melancholy.

with

Variations

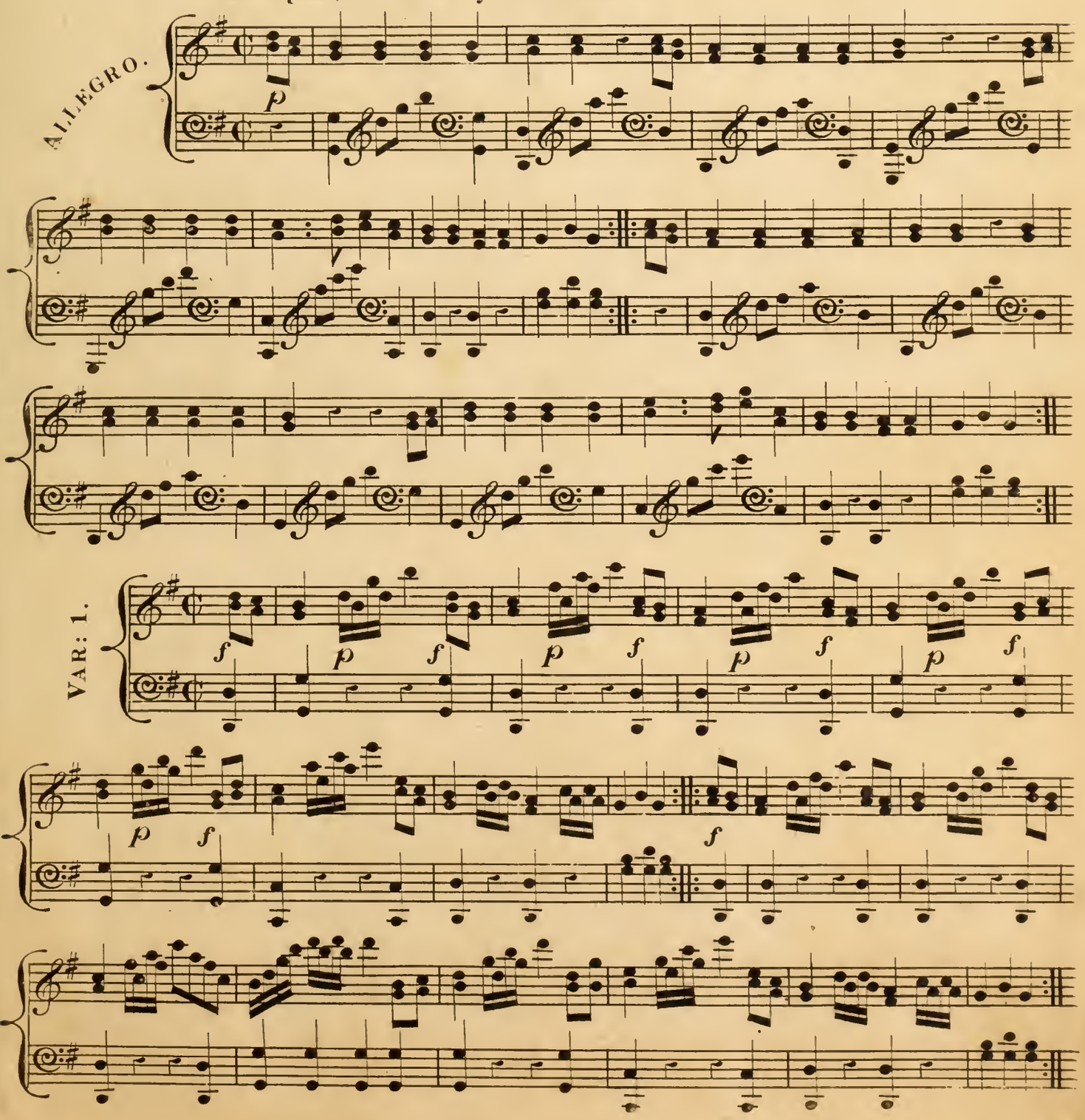
by

MOZART.

A New Edition.

Pr. 38 cents

Philadelphia, Published by G.E. Blake, No. 13 south 5th street.

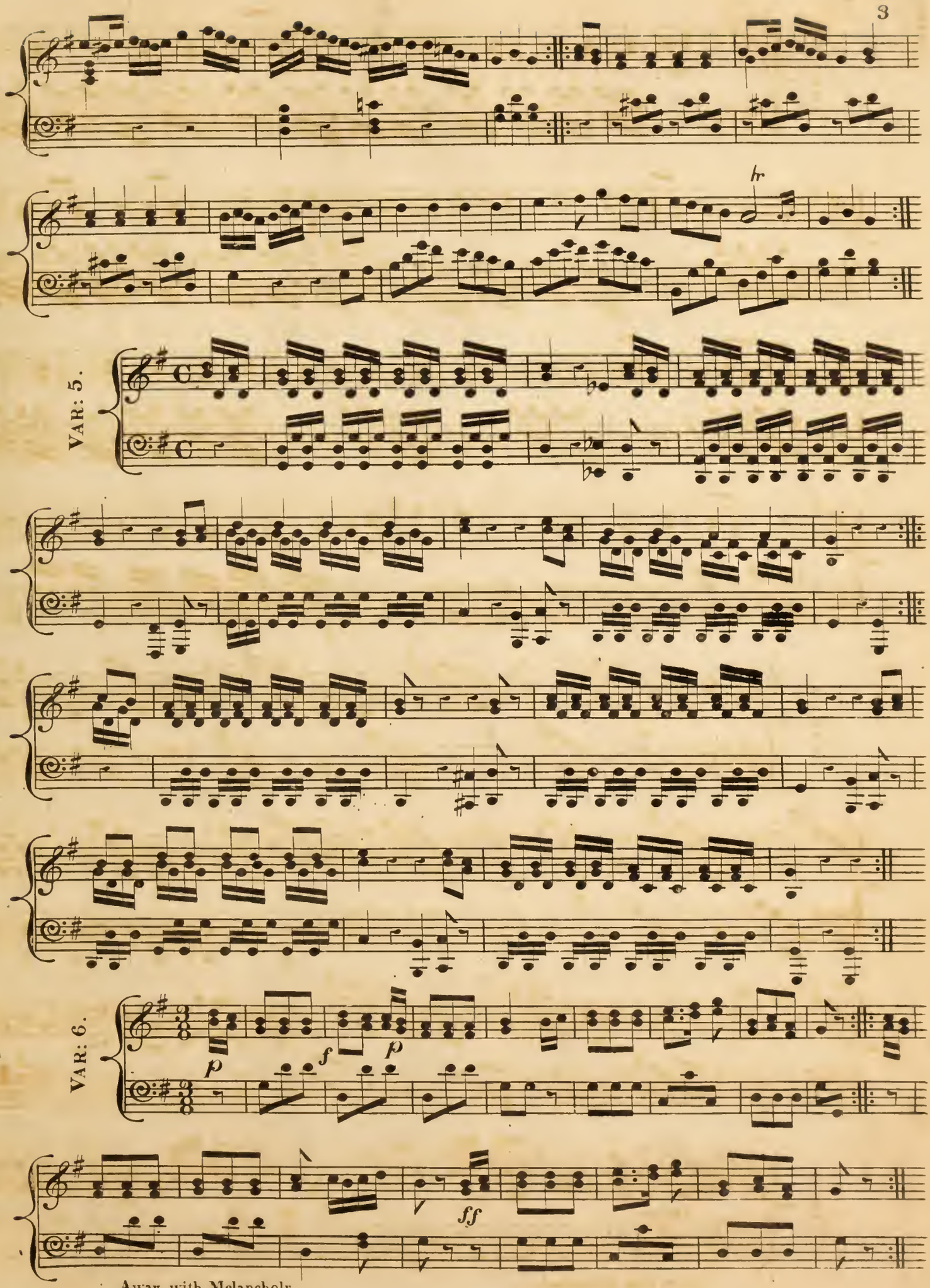


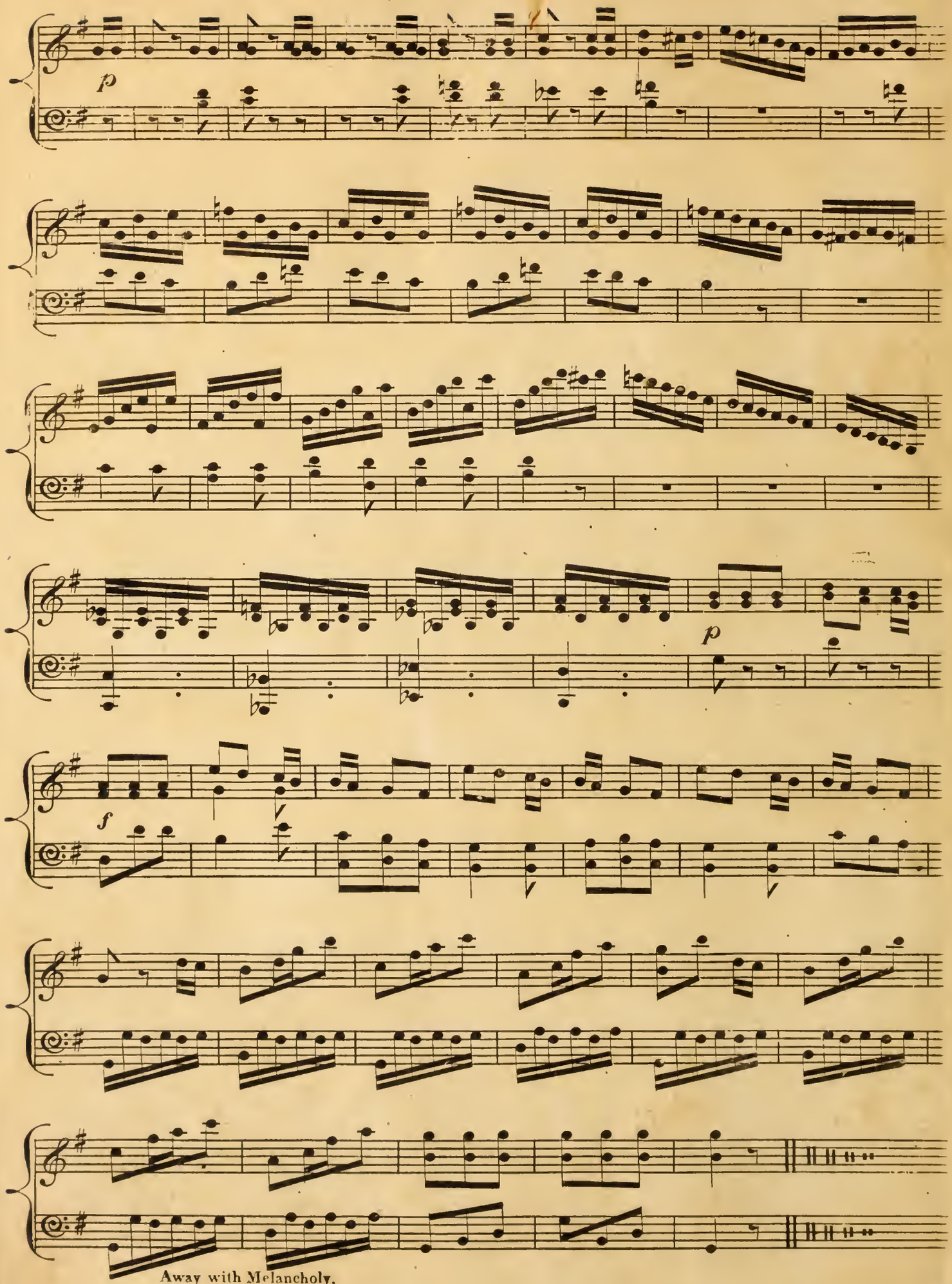
VAR: 2.

VAR: 3.

VAR: 4.

Dolce


hr
VAR: 5.
VAR: 6.
p
f
p
ff



Away with Melancholy.

Teach, O! teach me to forget.

Written by

T. H. BAYLY ESQ

The Music Arranged by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG JR.

Moderately Slow.

Friends de_ part, and memo_ry takes them To her ca_verns pure and deep; And a forc'd smile on_ly wakes them From the shadows where they sleep: Who shall

school the hearts af— fection? Who shall banish its re— gret? If you

blame my deep de— jection Teach Oh! teach me to for— get!

mf

p f

dim.

2

Bear me not to festive bowers,
'Twas with them I sat there last!
Weave me not spring's early flowers,
They'll remind me of the past
Music seems like mournful wailing,
In the Halls where we have met
Mirth's gay call is unavailing,
Teach, Oh! teach me to forget!

3

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light;
He would rather watch the embers
Of a Love that once was bright;
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, Oh! teach me to forget!

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

A POPULAR NATIONAL MELODY,

by Moore and Bishop.

No. 25.

Philadelphia, Published by G.E.BLAKE, No. 13 south 5th street.

GAILY.

1st Voice. O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

2d Voice. O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

Bass. O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

Piano Forte.

grots, and caves, And i = cy waves Each instant e = cho to our song, And when we meet with

grots, and caves, And i = cy waves Each instant e = cho to our song, And when we meet with

grots, and caves, And i = cy waves Each instant e = cho to our song, And when we meet with

ad lib. Chorus. a Tempo.

store of gems We grudge not kings their di = adems — O'er mountains, bright with snow and

store of gems We grudge not kings their di = adems — O'er mountains, bright with snow and

ad lib.

store of gems We grudge not kings their di = adems — O'er mountains, bright with snow and

a Tempo.

Colla Voce

light, We Crystal-hunters speed a = long, While grots, and caves, And i = cy waves Each

light, We Crystal-hunters speed a = long, While grots, and caves, And i = cy waves Each

light, We Crystal-hunters speed a = long, While grots, and caves, And i = cy waves Each

cres ad lib.

instant e = cho to our song, Each instant e = cho to our song.

cres

instant e = cho to our song, Each instant e = cho to our song.

cres

instant e = cho to our song, Each instant e = cho to our song.

cres

2.

No Lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams,
That tell where deep the crystal lies:
Tho' next to crystal we, too, grant,
That ladies, eyes may most enchant —
O'er mountains &c.

3.

Sometimes when o'er the Alpine rose,
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way:
And tho' we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose, that shines so fair —
O'er mountains &c.

Loudon's bonnie woods & braes!

A Scotch Song.

The Poetry by

R. TANNAHILL,

Arranged by

Fred. Fest.

PHILADELPHIA, Published by G.E.BLAKE, No. 13 south 5th Street.

ten 4 3 2 1 × ten

p Scherzando

Loudon's bonnie woods & braes I maun lea' them a', lassie;

Wha can thole when Britains faes, Would gie Britains law, lassie: Wha would shun the field of danger?

 Copy right secured.

Wha frae Fame would live a stranger Now when Freedom bids avenge her, Wha would shun her ca', lassie?

Loudon's bonnie woods & braes Hae seen our happy bridal days ----- And gentle Hope shall

sooth thy waes When I am far a--wa', lassie!

ad lib:

— 2 —

Hark! the swelling bugle sings
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings,
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lonely I may climb the mountain,
Lonely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments counting,
Far frae love, and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'l maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

— 3 —

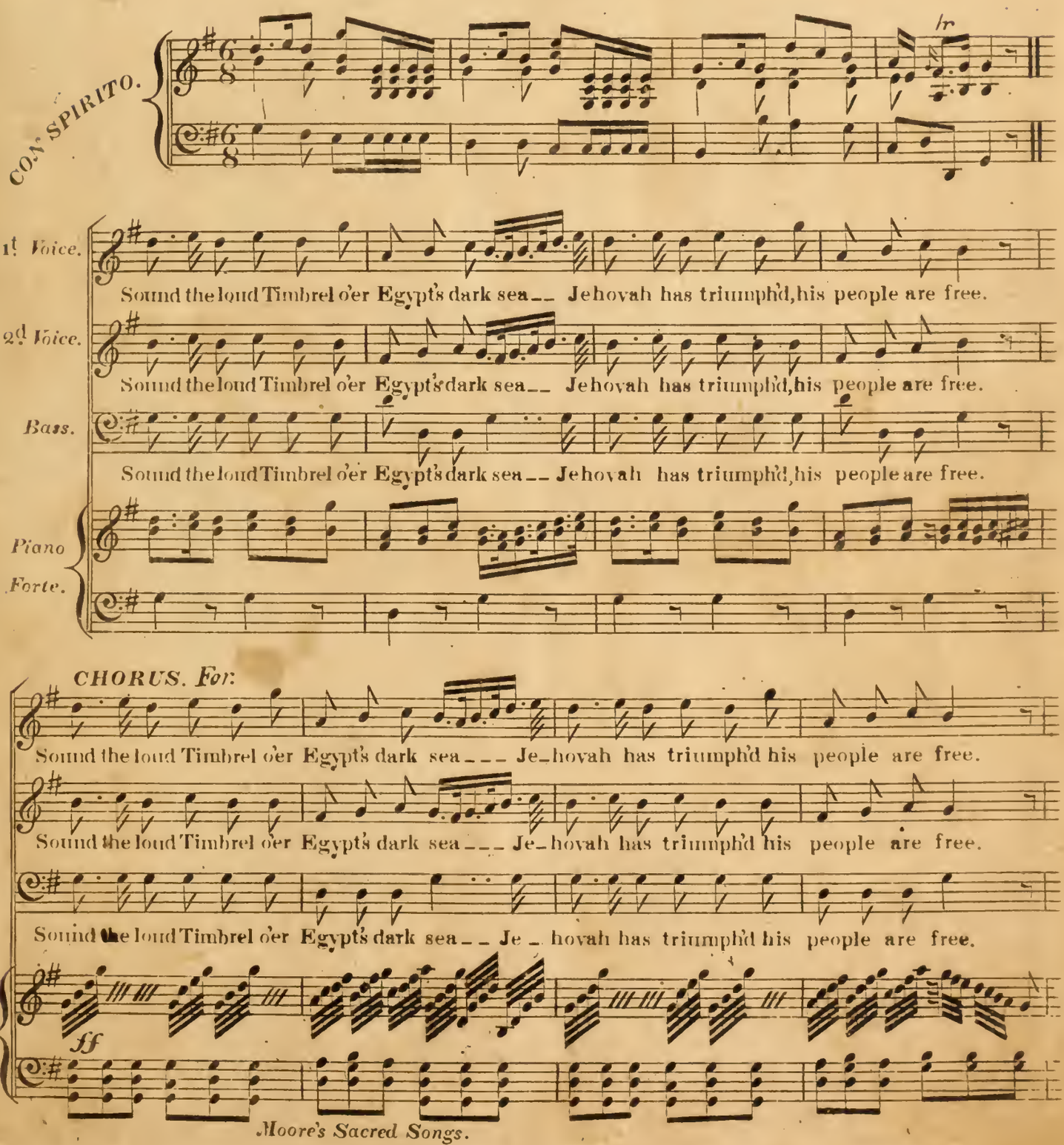
O resume thy wonted smile,
O suppress thy fears, lassie,
Glorious honour crowns the toil,
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
'Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
'Till the day we die, lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

MARIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud Timbrel.

Air – *Avison* ——— *For three Voices.*

"And Mariam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances." Exod. xv. 20.



TRIO. Ria.

Sing-for the pride of the Tyrant is broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How

Sing-for the pride of the Tyrant is broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How

Sing-for the pride of the Tyrant is broken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How

vain was their boast, The Lord hath but spoken, And chariots & horsemen are sunk in the wave!

vain was their boast, The Lord hath but spoken, And chariots & horsemen are sunk in the wave!

vain was their boast, The Lord hath but spoken, And chariots & horsemen are sunk in the wave!

p

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea__ Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea__ Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea__ Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

p

CHORUS: *For.*

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea --- Je - ho - - vah has triumph'd, his

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea --- Je - ho - - vah has triumph'd, his

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea --- Je - - ho - vah has triumph'd, his

ff

ff

peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free.

peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free.

peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free.

f

ff

2.

Praise to the CONQUEROR, praise to the LORD,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd, his people are free.

* "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians. through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." Exod. xiv. 24.

Moore's Sacred Songs.

Mrs. E. Reynolds

Flow on thou Shining River

PORTUGUESE AIR

From

Moores National Melodies

Arranged for One or Two Voices by

Sir John Stevenson

BALTIMORE. Published and Sold by G. WILLIG Jr.

Moderato con Espress:

lentando.

SECONDO.

Flow on thou shining ri - - - ver, But ere thou reach the

PRIMO.

Flow on thou shining ri - - - ver, But ere thou reach the

sea, seek ELLA'S bow'r and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee.

sea, seek ELLA'S bow'r and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee. And

And tell her thus if she'll be mine, our lives shall be, With

tell her thus if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With joys along their

joys to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

SECOND VERSE.

Secondo

But if in wand'ring thither, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r; Then leave those wreaths to

Primo

But if in wand'ring thither, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r; Then leave those wreaths to

wither Up_on the cold bank there And tell her thus when youth is o'er Her

wither Up_on the cold bank there And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her lone and loveless

charms shall be up_on life's shore Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

charms shall be Thrown by up_on life's weedy shore Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

Flow on thou shining river

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY DEAREST

A

FAVORITE BALLAD,

Written by the Author

of the

COLLEGIANS,

Composed and Arranged

by

MISS PENELOPE SMITH.

New York: Published at ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, *No.* 201 *Broadway.*

Allegretto

f *p* *f*

p *f* *f* *f* *p*

A place in thy memory

dearest, Is all that I claim; To pause and look back when thou

SOLD AT
W. FISCHER'S
WASHINGTON

hearest, The sound of thy name, Another may woo thee nearer, An-

-other may win and wear, I care not tho he be dearer, So I am remember'd

there.

f *f* *f* *f*

2

Remember me not as a lover,
Whose hope has been crost;
Whose bosom can never recover,
The light it has lost:
As the young bride remembers the mother,
She loves, tho' she never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
So dearest remember me.

3

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Could'st thou smile on me;
I would be the fondest and nearest,
That ever lov'd thee:
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine,
And heaven that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

4

Remember me then, oh, remember,
My calm light, love;
Tho' bleak as the blasts of November,
My life may prove:
That life will tho' lonely be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be,
A smile, and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

THE SWISS BOY

A Ballad

with Accompaniments

for the

Piano Forte

Arranged by

J. MOSCHELES.

BALTIMORE. Published and Sold by G. WILLIG Jr.

ANDANTINO

PIANO FORTE.

p

Ped. * Ped. *

Come, a_rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to labour a_ _way. Come a_

p

rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la_bour a_way.

The Sun is up, with rud_dy beam, The Kine are thronging to the stream, Come a_

_rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la_bour a_ _way!

f

2

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss Boy,
When I hie to the mountain away?
For there a Shepherd maiden dear,
Awaits my song with list'ning ear,
Am not I, am not I, then, a merry Swiss Boy,
When I hie to the mountain away?

3

Then at night, then at night, Oh! a gay Swiss Boy!
I'm away to my comrades away,
The Cup we fill, the Wine is pass'd,
In Friendship round, until, at last,
With "Good night," and "Good night," goes the happy Swiss Boy,
To his Home and his slumbers away.